The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1894.

The Week.

We suppose that it is a purely perfunctory task on the part of the *Tribune* to ascribe to Democratic mismanagement the fact that the Treasury has been running behind since Mr. Cleveland came into office. This accusation is one of the things that are to be looked for "about this time," like the weather predictions in the old almanacs. Opinions may differ as to the necessity of a Government loan at this time, but if it was necessary, there can be no doubt that it was made so by the Republicans during President Harrison's term of office. It was made so by three specific acts, namely: enlargement of pensions, repeal of duties on raw sugar, and the Sherman silver act. These three things made a difference of $125,000,000 in the Treasury balance sheet. Secretary Foster saw the inevitable result of this combination, and he expected that it would be necessary to issue bonds to keep up the gold reserve before the end of his term of office. This was the reason why he made a speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner three years ago, declaring his intention to issue bonds, if necessary, under the resumption act of 1875. The fact is that if Mr. Harrison had been reëlected, a bond issue would have been necessary at exactly the same time and in exactly the same way as that of last February. It could not have been avoided. There had been no new tariff legislation up to that time. The McKinley act was still in force; and, so far as tariffs go, the present one has certainly more revenue in it for the Government than the former one had. Now two of the three things which made bond issuing necessary (pension enlargement and sugar repeal) were distinctly Republican measures, and these two account for $100,000,000 of the $125,000,000 of the difference in the Treasury balance-sheet. The responsibility for the Sherman silver act may be divided between the two parties, for while the Republicans passed it, they did so only to avoid something worse which a minority of their party, aided by the Democrats, were trying to force upon them. The measure of the shortage in the Treasury balance caused by this act was the difference between the requirements of the Bland-Allison act of 1878 and those of the Sherman act of 1890, which was about $25,000,000 per year, or only one-fifth of the total shortage.

Discussion of the Baltimore plan of currency reform in the newspapers has taken a fresh start in consequence of the new Government loan. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* publishes an interview on the subject with ex-Gov. Merriam of Minnesota, who is himself a banker of distinction. Gov. Merriam approves the plan, but would like to have something added to it to compel, or at least to accelerate, the return of banknotes to their place of issue after the immediate demand for them ceases. He desires some provision for *driving* circulation home, especially the "emergency circulation." He thinks that a special tax might do this if it were heavy enough. The Baltimore plan proposes a "heavy tax," but does not mention any particular sum. The first draft of the plan provided for a tax of 4 per cent. per annum, and it is not likely that Congress would agree to a smaller one. Experience would show whether a heavier one was necessary. But there can be no such thing as real elasticity of the currency while the channels of circulation are clogged with Government legal-tender notes. While these continue, all that we can hope for is that any sudden demand for more currency, like that of midsummer 1893, may be easily and quickly supplied, and that the law of supply and demand may have a chance to work within these limits. What is wanted most of all is a gradual retirement of Government paper and a filling of the vacuum with banknotes. The Government can take its share of the profit by taxation, just as it takes its share of the profit on distillation and on importation. When this condition is reached, most if not all of the trouble which Gov. Merriam justly complains of will disappear. It will then be the interest of each bank to send home the notes of every other bank in order to make room for its own notes. It is this principle, and not the branch-bank system, that the Canadians rely upon to produce elasticity of the currency.

Mr. W. C. Cornwell of Buffalo furnishes to *Bradstreet's* an article on the experience of Canada during our panic of last year. In the first place, Canada had no panic, because she had no cause of panic. She had no Sherman silver law in operation, pouring millions of Treasury notes into the circulation whether they were wanted or not. The banks, and not the Government, supplied the currency of the country as it was wanted, and redeemed it when it was not wanted. The results of the two different systems stand in glaring contrast to each other. The deposits in the banks of the United States fell off 20 per cent. between May and September, 1893, while those of Canada fell off only 3 per cent. The loans and discounts on our side of the line fell off 12½ per cent., while on the other side the shrinkage was only 1⅓ per cent. Savings-bank deposits in the United States during the same time declined 8 per cent., and would have declined much more but for the enforcement of the sixty-day rule. In Canada these deposits remained stationary or slightly increased. In fact, the only trouble in Canada was due to its proximity to us—it was a sort of induction from the great disturbance in the neighborhood; but Canada fortunately had the means for minimizing even this. Her bank system was so arranged that the demand for more currency could be met on the very day and hour when it came, and did not require the banks to put up $114 in order to get $90 of circulating notes three or four weeks after the event. The difference between the two countries is stated by Mr. Cornwell thus:

> "The business conditions in Canada have been somewhat similar to our own during the time under consideration as to dull trade, etc., but with this vital and all-important difference, that she has had no panic. This is due to difference in conditions as to currency. Canada's banknote circulation, while it increased slightly, was on the 30th of June, 1893 (perhaps our hottest panic date), in round numbers $33,500,000, and in November, 1893, $38,000,000. Banknote circulation is limited by the capital of the banks—in round numbers $60,000,000—so that Canada had all this time a wide leeway which was not used."

Secretary Herbert's annual report is mostly taken up with the routine work of the department. Its most significant parts relate to the increase of the navy. On this account the country is in to pay $10,111,725 during the present fiscal year, and is to be asked to pay $13,259,302 in 1895-96. This is almost wholly due to the building of battle-ships and cruisers ordered two and three years ago. This Congress would not agree to any new ships, but it has to furnish the money for those voted before, the bills of one Congress being thus presented to the next or the one after the next. Mr. Herbert thinks it an alarming thing that less than $1,000,000 will be required year after next to pay arrears on new ships, and so recommends the construction of three new battle-ships to cost "not exceeding $4,000,000 each." Why do we need these ships? The secretary speaks vaguely about the "standpoint of national defence," though he admits elsewhere that we have not men and officers enough properly to man the ships we now have. His real reason appears in the following passages:

> "As both the establishments making armor for us now have their plants in operation, and their skilled workmen assembled, ready, with the experience they have acquired, to continue the manufacture, the question now seems to present itself for immediate solution, Shall Congress authorize any more armored vessels?
>
> "Wisdom and experience demand that the present well-organized, highly trained, and exceedingly efficient body of mechanics and skilled laborers engaged in the work of naval ship-building shall not, at least, be entirely disbanded. With the stoppage of this work many large plants now at work for the navy will have to shut down either completely or in part, and their corps of skilled workmen employed in the various phases of naval construc-

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tion and development be discharged and scattered, while the plant and machinery for the production of vessels-of-war must of necessity become idle and be allowed to deteriorate."

In other words, we must build more ships not because we need them, but because the builders need work. This shows how correct an idea of the situation those naval contractors had in 1891–'92 who said that the Chilian war might not be very bloody, but it would at any rate serve to throw a few good jobs their way.

The more the report of the Strike Commission is examined, the less favor it receives at the hands of the press. There is a definite number of newspapers in the country that may be said fairly to represent public opinion on non-partisan questions. The Debs strike of last summer was a non-partisan affair. Republicans were not more concerned with it than Democrats. While Gov. Altgeld, a Democrat, encouraged the strikers, President Cleveland, a Democrat, struck the decisive blow which restored law and order in Chicago, and for this he received the eulogies of men of all parties. We have seen no comments on the report of Mr. Carroll Wright and his associates which have any political tinge whatever. All are directed to the merits of the case, and nearly all are condemnatory of the report; not because it is for or against one or the other party to the controversy, but because it is unfair, and because it lays down rules under which society cannot last.

Compulsory arbitration, of course, involves nothing less than slavery for the workingman. If the Government may force him to labor against his will, we might as well go back to fugitive-slave laws. "Labor" is quick to see this, and at the recent labor congress in Chicago not a word was said in defence of the proposition, while it was stoutly opposed by the president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, the secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and other representative leaders. As for Carroll D. Wright's absurd scheme of one-sided compulsory arbitration—in which the Government always forces the employer to yield, but never the employee—nobody takes it seriously enough to discuss it. Even the "walking delegate" realizes that the public would never stand that sort of thing.

Gov. Hogg's requisition on Gov. Flower for the delivery, as fugitives from Texan justice, of men who have neither committed crime in Texas nor fled from that State, is a curious reversion to Southern methods of two generations ago. In 1835 Gov. Gayle of Alabama made a requisition on Gov. Marcy for the delivery of Robert G. Williams, who, he alleged, had "evaded the justice of our laws." Williams was publisher of the *Emancipator* in this city, and his specific offence against the laws of Alabama was his declaration that "God commands, and all nature cries out, that man should not be held as property." For this obvious crime he was duly indicted by the grand jury of Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, and his surrender demanded of Gov. Marcy under article iv. section 2 of the federal Constitution. Gov. Gayle, in making the requisition, showed that he felt somewhat embarrassed, as a jurist and a logician, by the fact that Williams had never been in Alabama, and hence had never "fled therefrom," but he proceeded to argue the case as follows: "It has been improperly admitted by writers in the South who have engaged in discussing this subject that the Constitution and laws of the United States, in regard to fugitives from justice, do not authorize a demand for the delivery of these incendiaries to the States whose laws they have violated. This opinion has been embraced under the erroneous impression that the rules of strict construction which, with great propriety, apply to certain parts of the Constitution, must necessarily apply to all others." This delicious argumentation, which we are sure the innocent Hogg could not improve upon, was contemptuously dismissed by Gov. Marcy, low as was his opinion of the abolitionists.

Four years later a case came up in a form still more analogous to Hogg's requisition for the Standard Oil people. In 1839 the Governor of Virginia demanded of Gov. Seward the surrender of three colored sailors, freedmen, who, it was alleged, had "stolen" a slave—that is, had helped him to run away. Gov. Seward refused the request, partly on the ground of defective affidavits, but really on the ground that the crime for which surrender of fugitives should be made must be such in the State called upon to make the surrender. It was impossible, according to the laws of New York, that a man could be stolen in the sense in which the word was understood in Virginia, because in New York no human being could own another. Seward's arguments and correspondence on the question cover more than fifty pages in the second volume of his works. This controversy between New York and Virginia, which John Quincy Adams declared to be of "more vital importance to the Union than the Bank, the tariff, the currency, or the land and State-debts questions," is now one of the things which public men and even historians find it convenient to forget. Gov. Hogg may not care anything about such precedents, but the retaliatory action of Virginia in refusing to surrender a forger wanted in New York ought to be of interest to him. How better could he vindicate the sovereignty of Texas than by holding on to every New York criminal with the loving embrace of a brother?

The city's deliverance from Tammany was naturally and appropriately the burden of most of the Thanksgiving sermons in this city. Bishop Potter was especially impressive in his treatment of the subject, giving his hearers and the public generally an admonition in civic duty which ought to be taken to heart by everybody who wishes to see the city's redemption made permanent. He held that the most appalling danger threatening the church, the community, and the individual was that of the permanent division of religion, patriotism, and morality, and pleaded for their union in all matters of life—public, private, religious, and secular. Of the future in this city, he said:

"Having freed ourselves for the time being from the infamy of an oligarchy as ignorant, as brutal, as corrupt, and as unscrupulous as history has ever known, it is now proposed in certain quarters to make it impossible for it to return, by legislation devised to that end. It is as though a bank, having been robbed by a clever scoundrel who had been intrusted with the custody of the keys, should buy a new lock for its vaults and then go to sleep again. What matters it who made the lock, or how ingenious its mechanism, if, so soon as you have procured it, you hand over your keys to another scoundrel?"

The safety of our institutions, he argued, consists not in the vigilance of our official servants, but in our own. "The whole structure of our civic future," he said, "rests upon two piers: one is the enduring right of every citizen to challenge, to criticise, to scrutinize the servants of the people; the other is that officeholders and placemen are servants." This is not the doctrine of Henry Cabot Lodge, for he deprecates criticism, and looks upon critics as "bad Americans"; but watchfulness and criticism are nevertheless the only safeguards against the misuse of office by even the best of politicians.

The Committee of Seventy has no difficulty in finding first-rate excuses for its continued existence. Its latest plan of appointing sub-committees to ascertain what is needed and what can be done in the way of improving the city, is most commendable. Some of the subjects to be inquired into are sanitation, school accommodation, water-front improvement, and excise. The various inquiries will be in charge of experts, and the results will be, therefore, of unquestioned value. It would be difficult to hit upon a plan better calculated than this is to arouse public interest and local pride. The various reports will, we presume, be laid before the public, and their consideration cannot fail to draw attention to the city's needs, and thus create a desire to have those needs attended to. We are far behind the other great cities of the world in nearly or quite all the matters which the sub-committees propose to take up, and we are behind simply from the lack of

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public interest in them. If the Seventy can arouse this interest, it will take the first step towards the creation of that civic pride which is the city's most crying need.

The attitude of Platt and of Republican machine politicians generally in this city is the strongest possible evidence of the great need of the Committee of Seventy's continued existence. If the committee were out of the way, the non-partisan public would have no medium through which it could make its wishes known, and no organized method by which to get its desires for better municipal government formulated in legislative measures. Platt would have his own way in all things, and nothing would go before the Legislature save what met his approval. As it is, the committee will be spurred to greater activity by the knowledge of his hostility, and, being forewarned by the revelation of his intentions, will prepare for a fight with him at every point. There is no doubt that a great army of Republican place-hunters has sprung up in this city since election; in every Assembly district it has a large contingent whose members have been holding almost daily meetings for the parcelling out of offices among themselves. These all agree with Platt that Dr. Parkhurst and the Committee of Seventy and the reformers generally who believe that the interest of the city must stand before the interest of any political party, are "all wrong," are "meddling with something that is none of their business," and "ought to be called down." These men really want to set up a Republican Tammany in place of the old Tammany, and they would have their way if they could "shut up" the reformers who are opposing their plans.

The most interesting action of the Vermont Legislature, which adjourned last week, is the action which it did not take. The professional politicians, who have always been disgusted that the State was persuaded to adopt the Australian ballot, set out to secure the repeal of the law, and appeared to be quite hopeful of success. Vermont being so terribly one-sided in politics, the professionals are there chiefly Republicans, and their main argument was the claim that the secret ballot "hurt the party." One man who appeared before the committee on elections declared that "the system now in vogue lost the Republican party 8,000 votes at the last election," and he seemed to regard this assertion as all the argument that needed to be made for its repeal. But when it came to the point, the courage of the repealers gave out, and no change was made in the system, for fear of the public sentiment which demands its maintenance. The same thing happened in Indiana, another State where the Republicans have claimed that the Australian ballot hurt the party, and have threatened to do away with it, but were finally constrained to cease their opposition. Doubtless it will turn out the same way in Maine, where Chairman Manley of the Republican State committee and that champion Bourbon, Boutelle of the Bangor *Whig*, have been vowing that they would have the system abolished.

"Bill" Chandler is one of the most bitter partisans in the country, but he cannot stand Parkerson, the New Orleans man who led the mob which slaughtered the Italian prisoners three years ago, and who was recently the honored guest of the Home Market Club in Boston because he has recently turned Republican. The Senator's home organ, the Concord *Monitor*, characterizes the club's action as it deserves. It declares that Parkerson "deserves reprobation by all intelligent and humane persons, deserves hanging for his crime"; condemns those who were responsible for inviting him to the dinner; and says, "So far as we are concerned, we repudiate Mr. Parkerson. We at least will have no fellowship with him as a Republican." This is, of course, only the proper attitude to assume in the matter, but the most remarkable thing about it is that it is left for Chandler to define the position of self-respecting Republicans. So far as we have observed, the Concord *Monitor* is the only Republican newspaper which has thus told the truth about Parkerson. Neither Senator Hoar nor ex-Speaker Reed, who shared in the honors paid him, has said a word to indicate that he felt any shame at meeting this murderer on equal terms.

John Burns's talk at Cooper Union on Monday shows that he has learned something in the past few years. He now thinks workingmen must not be "impatient" or "want to accomplish everything at once." This speaks for a very chastened and subdued John Burns compared with the one who, with Tom Mann, was going to bring in the millennium immediately by means of great national and international strike confederations. Looking back upon that period of madness—the great dockers' strike in London—when many of the Anglican clergy and Cardinal Manning and the sentimental economists of all shades were going in for the right to work, and "the living wage," and all that, Mr. Frederick Greenwood justly says that "it was a monstrous dream, beyond all possibility of realization, but not beyond the range of attempt, however disastrous the result for labor, capital, and all concerned." At that time, as Mr. Greenwood says, "there were in England many Thinkers, Intellectualists—men apparently provided with the whole apparatus of reasoning and reflection—who rejoiced at the prospect of what could be done by an amalgamated strike confederation," and who expected to create out of hand a "flourishing population of work-people, with higher wages than could ever be hoped for without such coercion, and with fewer hours of labor into the bargain." But the rough battering of a few years' experience has shattered that pretty fancy.

Another truth which the running up against hard facts has been calculated to teach, and has, we believe, in a good degree taught, is that the clergy and other economists by way of the feelings, who have so bitterly denounced political economy, have really been denouncing their best friend. M. Claudio Jannet writes with great force in the last number of *La Réforme Sociale*: "To-day the orthodox political economy—that is to say, the political economy which is scientific, not fanciful—is the most powerful ally of religion in its struggle against socialism, which is going to be the great heresy of the next century." This truth was strikingly embodied in a manifesto on the industrial situation and the labor question in Belgium lately put forth by the "General Association of Catholic Employers." They appeal especially to the clergy to work together with them as well for the defence of property as for that of industry, and to refrain from "venturing along a perilous road." If the employers are dependent upon the good will and coöperation of the clergy, say these Catholic Belgian manufacturers, it is no less true that the clergy can do nothing effective in the social sphere without the support of the captains of industry. We imagine that the recent political developments in Belgium, with their sharp arraying of socialists against clericals, will make the latter somewhat more teachable on this subject.

Ex-Minister Stevens emerges from the retirement which no one would willingly disturb, to urge the annexation of Hawaii at once and without asking any more questions. There is no use, he says, in waiting till the American people want to annex. Not so did we get Florida or Louisiana or "our vast frontage," as he calls it, along the Pacific. Various foreign and pernicious influences are waxing in power day by day in the islands, and nothing but "prompt annexation" can make virtue and true Americanism triumph there. These are the Hon. John's ostensible reasons, somewhat vaguely expressed, it must be admitted. His real reasons, or at any rate the real reasons of the men in Hawaii who are getting nervous over delay and American indifference, are set forth in a late issue of the Honolulu *Star*. This is the most intensely American and patriotic of all the papers published in Hawaii, and it says of the beautiful free institutions founded there that no one "could hold the republic together for twenty-four hours without the cement of the political idea of annexation," adding that "the republic and annexation are inseparable."

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THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ISSUES.

In the speculation as to the issues which may enter into the Presidential contest of 1896, one occasionally hears the suggestion that the attitude of the Republican party is settled in advance, and that its platform must necessarily endorse the principles of the McKinley law. Consistency requires that the party shall stand by the high-tariff theory, it is said, as though this argument settled the question. In point of fact, nothing in our political history is better established than the ease with which parties discard even those issues upon which they have laid most stress. Over and over again it has happened that one of the great political organizations has declared the establishment of a certain principle absolutely essential to the well-being of society, and within a few years has accepted the very opposite of this principle without a protest. A single overwhelming defeat has sometimes sufficed to bring about such a revolution.

The Republican party in Iowa twelve years ago took up prohibition, and in canvass after canvass stood by it as a fundamental principle of party faith. In one platform, only five years ago, they declared that "prohibition has become the settled policy of the State," that "there should be no backward step," and that "we stand for the complete enforcement of the law." They were beaten in that campaign, however, and beaten again two years later, when a Democratic Governor was re-elected upon an anti-prohibition platform. Thereupon the Republican managers concluded to repudiate prohibition. Instead of treating it as "the settled policy of the State," and calling for "the complete enforcement of the law," they declared that "prohibition is no test of Republicanism," and, having recovered control of the State, proceeded virtually to repeal the law, so far as the chief centres of population were concerned, by enacting a new statute which allows any community to have saloons where public sentiment sustains them.

In 1890 the Republicans of Wisconsin passed a compulsory education law which they pronounced of the greatest importance to the commonwealth. Their platform characterized the law as "wise and humane in all its essential purposes," and declared that "we are opposed to its repeal." The campaign was fought on this issue, and the Republicans were overwhelmingly beaten, losing both the governorship and the Legislature. The Democrats promptly repealed the law. In the next campaign the Republicans surrendered unconditionally. Instead of standing by the "wise and humane" principle, they adopted a resolution declaring that "we regard the educational issue of 1890 as permanently settled in this State, not to be revived in any of its phases by the Republican party."

We have seen the same thing in national politics. For some years after the civil war the Democrats denounced the reconstruction legislation of Congress as intolerable, and pledged themselves to fight without ceasing for its overthrow. In the Presidential campaign of 1868 they adopted a resolution declaring that "we regard the reconstruction acts, so called, of Congress, as such, as usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." Within two years Vallandigham had told the party that they must accept the inevitable, take a new departure, and give up their fight against public sentiment. By 1872 the reconstruction issue had dropped out of Democratic platforms.

During the past month we have seen the total disappearance of one issue upon which the Republicans have long laid great stress, and which has been prominent in their national platforms for many years. Federal interference with elections in the States has been one of the chief articles of Republican faith, and the attempt to pass a "force bill" pushed by Henry Cabot Lodge was the last desperate effort of the Harrison Administration before the Democrats came into possession of the House of Representatives by the elections of 1890. All of the federal election laws were repealed by Congress at its last session, and the recent elections were held throughout the South without any interference from Washington. For the first time since reconstruction days, the Republicans carried State after State in the South—West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee—besides congressional districts in other States which had been Democratic for twenty years; and there is entire unanimity of opinion among the Republicans and Democrats of that section that the chief agency in this great change was the repeal of the federal election laws, which broke down the old race line and enabled the whites to divide in the South in the same way as they do in the North, but as the Southern whites never would so long as the old sectional issue was maintained. Even the blindest Republican can see the point of this. Lodge himself says that a man would be a fool who should ever again propose a force bill, and Harrison's home organ, the Indianapolis *Journal*, cites the recent Southern elections as a conclusive argument against any further attempt in the way of such legislation as Harrison so strongly urged only four years ago.

It will involve no greater change for the Republicans to abandon high protection. Indeed, it is an easier thing to do. Force bills were defended on the ground that they were absolutely necessary to establish a principle which the national platform of 1888 declared to be "the foundation of our republican government." When the foundation-stone is rejected, it need not be a difficult task to get rid of part of the superstructure. The Republicans are abandoning the force-bill issue because they see that the people are as weary of it as they were of the reconstruction issue a quarter of a century ago. They will abandon the high tariff as readily in 1896 if they find that the people will not have any more of it. There is to-day every indication that the new tariff will work so well during the next two years that the voters will have no patience with any proposal to restore McKinleyism. Even McKinley himself begins to see the way the tide is running, and tells the *Tribune* that "great power brings great responsibilities," and that "tariff legislation of the future will be moderate and conservative." Evidently the high-tariff issue is destined to disappear along with the sectional issue, and the Republicans will not fret any more over their lack of consistency in accepting the position of their opponents than the Democrats did when they made up their minds to accept reconstruction. The logic of events is unanswerable.

THE NATIONAL CURRENCY.

The report of the comptroller of the currency proposes some radical changes in the monetary policy of the country. Most important of all is its recommendation that the legal-tender notes be retired. In this policy the President and the secretary of the treasury concur, but with some differences of detail in the arrangements for carrying it into effect. As the law requires the comptroller to report directly to Congress and not to the secretary, these differences of detail do not betoken any want of harmony in the department, and the differences, so far as we can make them out, are not very important. We shall direct our attention at present to the comptroller's report.

An official recommendation that the policy of requiring bond security for the issue of banknotes be abandoned, that the banks be allowed to issue notes against their assets and in a certain proportion to their capital, and that the Government's legal-tender notes be retired, might be justly considered the bravest that ever came from the comptroller's office. The movement of public opinion during the past two years, and especially the adoption of the Baltimore plan by the American Bankers' Association, have undoubtedly smoothed the way for these recommendations, but it is none the less creditable that the comptroller has seized the opportunity to give an official sanction to the movement.

While the execution of any plan depends upon its details, the value of it is not bounded by such limits. If it sets people to thinking who had not thought before, and if it confirms those who were previously inclined to agree with it, it accomplishes a great benefit. So much we may confidently look for. What the Baltimore plan is, our readers already know. The arguments in its favor are repeated by the comptroller, who gives statistical information showing that if that plan had been in operation from the beginning of the national banking system there could have

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been no loss to the note-holders or to the Government through failed-bank notes.

The comptroller's plan for retiring greenbacks is in substance that the banks be allowed, in the first place, to issue circulating notes, to the amount of 50 per cent. of their paid-up unimpaired capital, against their assets, fortified by a safety fund, and that then they be allowed to issue 50 per cent. more by depositing an equal amount of legal-tender notes in the Treasury which shall be held there until the banks go into voluntary liquidation or insolvency, in which case the Government shall cancel the legal-tender notes held for the retiring bank, and then redeem its outstanding notes on presentation. The issuing of the first 50 per cent. of circulating notes is to be made conditional upon the bank taking out the second 50 per cent. and depositing the corresponding sum in legal-tenders.

The working of this plan would depend upon its profit to the banks operating under it, and the profit would depend upon the question whether they could keep out circulation to the amount of 100 per cent. of their capital, or a sufficient part thereof to make the whole operation a paying investment. At first blush it would seem that this might be done, since the second 50 per cent. of notes merely takes the place of an equal amount of greenbacks. But in the past history of the country it has been found that banks cannot keep out circulating notes to the extent of more than 50 per cent. of their capital under the conditions of specie payments and free competition. If we suppose that the retirement of say $50,000,000 greenbacks by deposit under the plan has created a vacuum to be filled, it does not follow that it will be filled by those who have made the deposit. It may be filled by anybody who chooses to start a bank; and although the conditions of starting a bank are alike to all, it might turn out that all of them together could not keep circulation outstanding beyond 50 per cent. of their capital. In that event there would be no profit in the business of issuing notes. Still, this is a question not to be dogmatized upon. Practical bankers are the best persons to pronounce an opinion upon it. There is also the objection to any plan for retiring greenbacks without cancelling them, that Congress will be importuned to reissue them, or an equal amount, and that in times of severe stringency the demand might be irresistible. Notwithstanding these criticisms of detail (for criticism of detail will lie against every plan), we consider it a notable victory for sound principles of finance that such a report should be sent to Congress, and this quite irrespective of the question whether the present Congress approves it or not.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF READERS.

Mr. Hall Caine delivered an address at Edinburgh a few days ago on "Moral Responsibility in Fiction." His view of the novelist's function is serious and sober enough, and we have no exceptions to take to it. If anything in his remarks could be considered startling, it would be his description of the novel of the future, which will be, he thinks, a sort of compound of the penny newspaper and the Sermon on the Mount. The new journalism united to the New Testament may possibly be conceived of by an active imagination; but that the resulting mixture could be called a novel, or in any way classified with books whose aim is to amuse or entertain, is too much for mortal credulity. Mr. Caine, we suspect, does not know what the new journalism really is—evidently laboring under an insular prejudice and ignorance as regards that subject.

But upon neither that nor any other part of his address do we mean to dwell; we refer to it only as one among a great number of similar deliverances. Almost every writer of any note has, in fact, at one time or another had his say upon the duties and responsibilities of authors. If novelists have done this oftener and more solemnly than other members of the writing profession, it is probably because novelists nowadays lead the rest in solemnity, and take the world and themselves more seriously. This is not their fault. They have long been encouraged by the public in their tacit assumption that the reading world is at their mercy. The very point of their earnestness and of their appeals to each other to take themselves sternly in hand and make the world wiser and better by their stories, is the quiet inference that there is no help or escape for their readers if they wickedly give themselves a loose rein. It is not strange, we say, that writers should draw this inference, for readers have long taken it for granted. The plea of the latter, whenever made public, has been for good fiction, but in the background has all the while been the saving clause, "Anyhow, give us fiction, good or bad, for fiction we must have."

It is time, we think, that the responsibility of the reader should be a little more insisted upon. He has a complete remedy in his own hands, if he did but know it. In other departments of artistic production he knows it and uses it without any hesitation. He does not get on his knees to theatre-managers and beg them to give wholesome and enjoyable performances, all the while tacitly conceding that he will go in any case. He does not beg painters to avoid producing meretricious or repulsive canvases, admitting that he will buy them just the same. If the play is bad, he does not show his face at it; if the paintings are lurid or hideous, he turns his back on them. But what does he do about the books which he does not approve of, or the newspapers which disgust him? Why, the simple soul buys them and reads them, and goes off to his club to lament the degeneracy of literature and the unscrupulousness of journalism.

There never was a more mistaken sense of helplessness. The reader has the whole thing in his own hands. He can knock all the theorizings of the writer into a cocked hat by one snap of his purse. Let Zola rage and Valdés imagine a vain thing; the reader (who is the buyer) may laugh at them, if he will, and hold them in derision. Hawthorne frankly declared that he would never have put pen to paper were it not for the hard cash to be had by it. If this was true of a master of pure art, how much more must it be of our latter-day pornographists-in-waiting? Sales are the *ultima ratio* with them, and the sales are in the control of the reader. How foolish of him, then, to rail at them for falling short of their duty to the public and their art. What about his duty? Is he bound to take a dive into a sewer simply because it is opened at his feet? People say they must read contemporary literature, good or bad. But we do not see the necessity of that, as the minister of state said to the lampooner who declared that he must live. In every language there are books enough, contemporary or other, to occupy the time and satisfy the wholesome tastes of the most voracious readers; and the sooner they determine to let the ill-smelling literature alone, the sooner will it be overpast.

One application of the responsibility of readers we must make, however delicate the ground may appear to be for a newspaper writer to tread upon. There is a great deal of foolish and futile protest against bad newspapers, just as there is against bad books—foolish and futile because the protesting readers have the remedy in their own hands, but do not use it. How common it is to hear it said by respectable men, in regard to a certain type of journalism: "Yes, we admit the editor is thoroughly unscrupulous. His columns are evidently for sale. His jocose treatment of crime and wickedness is, indeed, outrageous, and we would not take his paper into our houses for any consideration. But then he has some bright writers on his staff, who do say amusing things, and are so consistently malicious and spiteful that they are actually funny. One really has to buy the paper to see what they will say next:"

That is all that the unscrupulous editor wants. You can despise and distrust him as much as you please, but if you buy him, he is well content. Respectable readers who "must" get his paper to see what new deviltry he is up to, are the men who keep him alive. If they would taboo his paper in club and office and on the cars as resolutely as they do in their homes, he would come to a bad end in a year, disappearing, as ghosts used to, with a strong smell of sulphur in the air. As long as they do not, they are really responsible for him and all his works, and their deprecating remarks about him and his evil deeds are a waste of breath. In an age of oral teaching, the Scriptures solemnly warned men to take heed what they heard. In an age of print and paper that

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means to take heed what we read. The responsibility of the reader is as grave, in its way, as that of the writer.

LIFE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

OBERLIN, November 17, 1894.

UPON reaching Newfoundland, the ordinary tourist finds himself in a new world. Though the island has an area of 40,000 square miles, its population of 200,000 is limited to the coast, being almost wholly dependent upon the sea for a livelihood. The bustling centre of this new world is St. John's, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, whose importance is well shown in the fact that, though twice during the century it has been almost completely consumed by fire, yet, phœnix-like, it has each time arisen from the desolation more prosperous than before. Projecting far out into the Atlantic, this commodious harbor affords for ships of every class a convenient refuge, and abundant facilities for repairs of every sort in case of accident.

Nominally Labrador is a part of Canada. But so many of the inhabitants are from Newfoundland, and are in Labrador for temporary purposes, that the Government is turned over to the doughty little island province, which so far has refused to join the Dominion. In Labrador, too, as in Newfoundland, the population is limited to the seashore, and is wholly devoted to fishing. Only about 5,000 can be reckoned as permanent residents. These, in little hamlets, are scattered along the coast for several hundred miles, in conditions of life that seem to the outsider forbidding enough, but which are accepted without complaint by the inhabitants themselves. They are nearly all Protestants, and speak the English language with purity. Everywhere the aspect of the coast is barren in the extreme. No timber is in sight as one sails along the shore, and in the interior what little timber there is in the river valleys has little or no commercial value. Snow lingers throughout the entire summer in protected places, even down to the water's edge, while a long even line of water-washed rocks bears enduring testimony to the great height and violence of the waves that beat upon the shore during the frequent periods of stormy weather.

The scanty permanent population of Labrador is reinforced during summer by 25,000 or 30,000 fishermen from Newfoundland. For the most part these come in families; the father (and sometimes the mother) and the older children, both boys and girls, manage to combine pleasure with profit, and to make the fishing season a kind of summer vacation. The house occupied is rude and has scanty furniture, yet is not much less comfortable than one finds at many of the "Chautauqua assemblies" in the United States. Still, everything shows that the main purpose is business, and not pleasure. The girls do the cooking and keep the house; being ready, however, to devote several hours of the day to assist in cleaning the fish which the male members of the household bring in to harbor. The Government of Newfoundland and the religious and charitable organizations, both of the province and of the mother country, look as well as they can after the interests of this temporary population. A line of mail steamers is maintained, running once in two or three weeks from St. John's as far up the coast as the ice will permit. Temporary post-offices are established at every landing-place, but one will not find them always supplied with postage-stamps. Usually he will pay his postage, and trust the fisherman's daughter to purchase the stamps when the steamer comes along. In the winter season, when all the inlets and bays are frozen over, and the population has shrunk to its minimum number, the mail is carried at infrequent intervals on dog-sledges, and, strange as it may seem, is distributed from house to house. This, however, is not so difficult as might be supposed, since nearly everybody lives either along the shore or some miles back in temporary houses made in the timber.

The isolation of many of these families is calculated to touch the sympathies of the transient visitor. It is not unusual to meet grown-up young people who have never been ten miles away from the little settlement to which they are anchored on these barren shores. Yet upon investigation the seclusion is not so great as it seems. Trading vessels frequently call during the summer season, not only from the provinces, but from all parts of Europe. At the "Punch-Bowl," where there is not even a permanent settlement, we found two ships awaiting cargoes of fish for the Catholic populations of Spain and southern Italy. Little chapels are built on conspicuous points, where religious services are held pretty regularly by laymen, and occasionally by clergymen, who are provided with a special boat to make their long tours. A flagstaff adjoins the chapel, up which a flag is run as a convenient signal to notify the scattered population of the advent of the welcome missionary. A hospital is maintained at Battle Harbor, to which the unfortunate fishermen have ready access by means of the frequent passage of vessels of various kinds up and down the coast. There is, to be sure, no telegraphic communication with the outside world, and the newspapers received are a long way behind date. Yet interest in the outside world is maintained, and the political questions agitating Europe and America are everywhere intelligently discussed.

Reference to the ice which encumbers the coast of Labrador until late in the summer introduces us to the most impressive of all the phenomena affecting human life in the North Atlantic. Though in the latitude of London, the southeastern portion of Labrador has the climate of the North Cape in Lapland, several degrees above the arctic circle. This is caused by the cold current of water which comes down from Baffin Bay, laden with innumerable icebergs of immense size and with endless fields of pack-ice. The presence of so much ice in so low a latitude is both a cause and an effect; for while to some extent the ice lowers the temperature of the water, the low initial temperature of the current is a principal reason why the ice floats so far south without melting. Two important services are rendered to the inhabitants by this ice-laden current. From the far north it brings down vast numbers of seals and a few polar bears, affording a livelihood to great numbers of adventurous seamen who come up from St. John's in the spring months before the fishing season begins, and venture out upon the floating ice to capture these valuable animals, and secure their pelts and their abundant supplies of valuable oil. Yet it is easy to see that the present increased activities in this direction are a sure precursor of serious ultimate disappointment. While the number of sealers is, according to the Malthusian law, tending to increase with great rapidity, the number of seals is diminishing. According to all reports, there is such a pressure for employment in St. John's that all the sealing-vessels in the spring are overcrowded, so that none of them obtain adequate compensation for their labor and risk. The great abundance of "baby seals" on sale for ornaments in the shops of St. John's has an ominous look for the future of the species, even in the far north; for it is sure evidence that the small profit to the people from each animal is obtained only at the expense of the death of both the mother and her offspring.

But Labrador is the present limit of travel by regular lines even in the summer-time. To cross the rough seas of Davis Straits and reach the coast of Greenland a ship must be chartered for the purpose, or the traveller must go by the way of Copenhagen, and take advantage of the opportunity offered by the two or three vessels that sail from there in the interest of the Danish Trading Company, which controls everything in Greenland. Possibly, however, one might get a chance to reach the extreme end of southern Greenland by the freight steamers from Philadelphia which go to Ivigtut for the products of the kryolite-mines, which are there operated with profit.

In many respects the conditions of life in southern Greenland are similar to those in Labrador. There is the same encumbrance of polar ice, but, strange to say, it comes from the south, and not from the north, being a continuation of the Spitzbergen ice-floe, which, having coursed along the eastern shore, and having rounded Cape Farewell, is deflected northward through the influence of a branch of the Gulf Stream, which projects upward in the centre of Davis Straits. In crossing from Labrador to Greenland, vessels get clear of the Labrador ice about 100 miles out, and encounter no more until within fifty or sixty miles of the Greenland coast. The driftwood which is cast upon the shores of southern Greenland, amounting to several hundred cords a year, is mostly the product of Siberian forests, but the influence of the Gulf Stream is distinctly witnessed to by the logs of mahogany which have been found floating near the centre of Davis Straits almost as far up as the latitude of Disco. So well known is the course of these currents that the Danish vessels avoid the ice by sailing about 100 miles south of Cape Farewell, and keeping at the same distance west of the shore until reaching the vicinity of the arctic circle, where the coast is always free from ice in the summer.

The differences between the conditions of life in southern Greenland and in northern Greenland are summed up in those connected with the presence or the absence of the dog. South of Disco Bay the dog is almost unknown. Here his company would be an unmitigated nuisance, while north of Disco Bay and along the whole coast of Labrador he is a necessity as well as a nuisance. The reason of this difference is, that in southern Greenland the fiords and bays never freeze over sufficiently to make it safe to travel upon the ice, while in northern Greenland for full half of the year all the interior and coast waters are frozen, so as to preclude travel by any other means than dog-sledges. As a result of this condition of things, the isolation of the colonies in south Greenland is even greater than of those in the north. Nansen remained the entire winter at Godthaab without their having heard of his arrival at Sukkertoppen, 100 miles to the north. Yet the highly cultivated Danish officials seem rather attracted than repelled by this isolation. Supplied beforehand with two years' stock of provisions, furnished with snug houses and with clothing adapted to the climate, and surrounded by a confiding colony of natives needing their advice and protection, they pass the

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winter months with their books and papers, in a manner that to many will seem almost ideal. At Sukkertoppen the official colony consisted of two men, with their wives and young children, and a governess, who was the daughter of the professor of Sanskrit at Copenhagen. The ladies could all speak English fluently, while the library was generously supplied with English books and periodicals. Thus equipped, they look upon the absence of news from the outside world for more than half the year as no serious hardship. It is related of one of the governors at Upernavik, which is visited by the Government vessel but once in a year, that he maintained the semblance of civilization more completely by having his daily paper brought to him every morning 365 days behind date.

The wreck of the *Miranda* upon the Greenland coast last summer afforded its passengers the great privilege of coming home upon a Gloucester fishing-schooner, and of gaining an insight into the character and life of that large section of our own population who still maintain the fishing industries of the country. This schooner (the *Rigel*) was of only 100 tons burden, but it was a beautiful craft, built after the pattern of a celebrated racing-yacht designed by the late Mr. Burgess. The captain and crew were all from Gloucester and vicinity, and in their dialect and humorous sense were excellent representatives of the hardy yeomanry among whom James Russell Lowell spent his boyhood, and whose characteristics are so faithfully portrayed in the 'Biglow Papers.' There were eighteen in the schooner, and all were interested directly in the success of their summer's catch—the profits being shared in proportions agreed upon at the start. When asked who was the first mate, the captain replied, that they were all first mates, and that any of the men could run the ship. The captain himself was never heard to give a peremptory command. But it was noticeable that when he said, "Hadn't you better haul up the topsail?" the topsail was always promptly hauled up, and when he said, "I guess you had better haul down the Jumbo," it was no sooner said than done, and the big canvas went down.

Early in the spring this crew had left the home port for the north coast of Iceland, where they had fished for halibut during the months of May and June, and then had come around to the west coast of Greenland to finish their season's work. It was while off the coast in the vicinity of Holstenborg that one of the "kayakers" who had been sent out with the news of our distress found them. The readiness with which they responded to our request for help, and the close intimacy which in our restricted quarters we were compelled to have with them for the next two weeks, were well calculated to raise our estimate of human nature, as well as to increase our knowledge of the life, the habits, the trials, and the compensating rewards of a most important and interesting portion of our fellow-citizens. The more intimate the knowledge which one gets of the people who live in these unfrequented portions of the world, and of the conditions to which they have adapted themselves, the less is he inclined to pity them, and the more to admire or even envy, for the struggle of life develops both physical and mental qualities which enable their possessors to meet the necessary ills of their condition with composure, and to luxuriate in the features of their existence which make the region specially attractive to the tourist and the adventurer.

G. Frederick Wright.

PASQUIER'S NAPOLEONIC MEMOIRS.—X.

Paris, November 22, 1894.

How differently men are judged at different times. If we are not over-indulgent towards our contemporaries, we are too severe. We have no exact rule, and we are led away by our passions. I take Chancellor Pasquier as an example. At the present moment we are all reading his memoirs, and, though we do not find in them a great or powerful writer, we are struck by his veracity, by the weighty character of his testimony; and, as he speaks of the most extraordinary events of modern times and of the most extraordinary man who has in many centuries ascended the stage of history, we shall certainly give a permanent place to these memoirs in our library. Pasquier was judged more severely thirty years ago, before his memoirs had received any publicity. Curiously enough, while I was engaged in reading the fifth volume, which has just now appeared, I fell accidentally upon this passage in the 'Journal des Goncourt'—a journal which will remain a curious document on the literature and the literary men of our age:

Monday, April 11 [1864]—At Magny's [the restaurant where the little group consisting of Goncourt, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, etc., met twice a month]. Duke Pasquier is on the carpet.

—A very little man who has grazed very great things, shall we say?

—Well! you are very hard, says Sainte-Beuve with a sigh, and with his gesture of ecclesiastical repose. And then the defender, the champion of this memory, begins to turn it over in all directions: I will not precisely speak of him as a littérateur. In the society of Chateaubriand he was hardly tolerated. . . . In Joubert's Letters they have suppressed all the pleasantries in which Joubert covered Pasquier with contempt. . . . And, after all, you cannot say anything stronger than what Rémusat said before me, at Madame X.'s: 'Pasquier understands nothing of anything,' and, after having enumerated all that Pasquier was ignorant of, he added: 'He is only capable of being the minister of all that.' And then the academical eulogies . . . the venerable priest . . . all that Dufaure has told us. . . . Well, here is the truth. Two hours before his death he had the 'Contes Philosophiques' of Voltaire read to him. He had spent all his lifetime in citing verses from the *Pucelle*—always wrong. It is so!

—Ah, said I to Sainte-Beuve, if I die before you, may God preserve me from being mourned by you.

Sainte-Beuve's cat's paw was often exercised in this way; we must also make allowance for the freedom of an after-dinner conversation. We have now to deal with Pasquier only as a historian, or rather as a contributor to the history of his time. The first four volumes of his memoirs certainly deserve much attention; in the fifth volume we enter upon a less interesting period, and I must confess that to go over the years of the Restoration extending from 1820 to 1824 is hard work. The diplomatic history of this period has still some interest. After the fall of Napoleon the sovereigns of Europe formed a Holy Alliance against revolutionary ideas; and it was more or less understood that they would unite their action and combine their efforts against revolution in countries where a government was in danger of being upset. The Congresses of Troppau and Laybach were called against the revolutionists in the kingdom of Italy and the Two Sicilies. Pasquier furnishes many details on the subject of these two Congresses, and shows how the secret divisions of the courts counteracted their avowed intentions; further, how the two principles of intervention and non-intervention came slowly into conflict.

The leading spirit of the time was Prince Metternich; he became by degrees, but not without difficulty, master of the Emperor Alexander's mind. Alexander began life as a liberal. The Empress Catherine had given him for a tutor a Swiss, Laharpe, a republican and a philosopher. During his terrible struggle against Napoleon, Alexander found himself the representative of the idea of national independence. When he entered France, he astonished the French by his generosity; he used all the influence he possessed upon the proud spirit of Louis XVIII. in favor of the grant of a constitution to France. He himself gave a constitution to the Poles of the kingdom of Warsaw. His natural liberalism was fortified and warmed by a curious religious mysticism. He became an adept of a Livonian lady, Mme. Krüdener, who was a sort of Mme. Guyon of the North—a prophetess, a believer in the doctrine of Quietism. Pasquier gives us curious particulars on this point; he says that

"A woman, Mme. Bouche (she was no longer young, and lived in the Pyrenees, near Bayonne), had in 1818 and 1819 communicated to the Emperor conversations which she pretended to have had with the Holy Virgin and with the archangel Saint Michael. The Russian ambassador in Paris received an order to search for Mme. Bouche and to give her the means to go to St. Petersburg. As soon as she arrived, the Emperor went to see her very often. Their relations lasted more than a year; she then went back to France with a pension and with considerable advantages."

The revolutions in Naples and in Spain disturbed not a little the philanthropic and mystic Emperor. With the same versatility which he had shown in his dealings with Napoleon, he began to warn the Poles, in opening their Diet, against the dangers of liberalism. The Diet unfortunately justified his dissatisfaction by its turbulence; at the same moment and without any apparent reason, there was a mutiny at St. Petersburg in the favorite regiment of the Guard in which the Emperor had served as a young man. Alexander from that moment threw himself completely on the side of the repressive policy of which Metternich was the avowed and constant advocate.

At Troppau, Metternich represented the revolution in Naples as a mere episode, as part of a general plot of the revolutionary party. The Austrian army, assembled in upper Italy, would soon, in his opinion, get the better of it. Alexander readily entered into a plan when it was of great magnitude; it was not difficult to persuade him that the French liberals were the moral allies of the insurgents in Italy and in Spain, and he at once withdrew the support which he had for a time given to the liberals, and became more favorable to those who were called the ultras. Metternich, in the solitude of Troppau, established very intimate relations between Alexander and his own Emperor, Francis, a quiet, simple, and modest man; he kept the King of Prussia completely under his influence; he found a very valuable ally in Nesselrode, a German by birth, of limited capacity, but well versed in the details of diplomacy.

Metternich opened the conferences at Troppau by reading a memoir on the general situation of affairs in Europe. He maintained, as "in conformity with the strictest principles of public law," the axiom in virtue of which each state has a right to intervene in the changes of the political system which take place in a neighboring state, when these changes are of such a nature as to affect its own just interests and compromise the very basis of its existence. Such an axiom opened the door to all the armed interventions of Austria in Italy, and this was Metternich's

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real object; but he was careful, especially with a view to gaining over Alexander, to conceal it behind the veil of a general theory. Pasquier, who was minister of foreign affairs at the time, was not favorable to the principle of intervention, or, at least, to its generalization; the English Foreign Office equally felt the dangers of the Metternichian theory. Pasquier makes it clear how strong already was Italy's aversion to the Austrian rule. How slowly history moves on. Aspirations towards unity were created in the peninsula by the French victories, by the establishment of the Kingdom of Upper Italy, by the substitution of Murat for the Bourbons. After the downfall of Napoleon they were stifled for a time, but were never satisfied till Victor Emmanuel formed his alliance with Napoleon III.

The Prince of Carignano, who became afterwards Charles Albert, was engaged in a conspiracy against the Austrian rule as early as 1820; the movement was to be purely military. The heads of the conspiracy were San Marzano, Santarosa, Collegno, and Lisio. The arrest of the Prince della Cisterna, who was in the secret of the plot, threw the Prince of Carignano into a state of great irresolution. The orders given were countermanded, but the garrison of Alexandria, following the orders first given, revolted, and the young noblemen, San Marzano, Collegno, Santarosa, Lisio, were obliged to join in the pronunciamiento of the troops. The Prince was suspected by all, by his brother the King, and very unjustly by some of his accomplices. The military chiefs of the rebellion at Alexandria had proclaimed their fidelity to the King, their hostility to Austria: "War against Austria, and the Spanish Constitution; these are our demands." The King found no other solution for his difficulties than to abdicate and to proclaim the Prince of Carignano Regent for his own brother Charles Felix. The Regent proclaimed a constitution similar to that which the Cortes had just adopted in Spain. "After the disembarkation of Bonaparte at Cannes," says Pasquier, "no event caused so great an impression in Europe as this revolution in Piedmont." The end of it is well known. While the Piedmontese liberals were preparing against an attack from Austria, Charles Albert, frightened by the violence of the Carbonari, by the attitude of the great Powers, left Turin in the night, with the guards, the light artillery, and two regiments hostile to the revolution. He joined at Novara Count della Torre, who had not allowed his garrison to join the revolutionary movement; he resigned his function as Regent, and joined King Charles Felix at Modena. Charles Felix refused to see him, and sent him to Tuscany. The Piedmontese revolution was doomed from that moment, and Gen. della Torre admitted the Austrians to Novara and himself entered Turin with his troops. The Austrians entered also without difficulty the Neapolitan States, and reëstablished the King on his throne.

The counter-revolution, as it was called, in opposition to the revolution, was equally successful in Spain; but there it was the part of France to become its instrument, and, by a strange irony of destiny, the Prince of Carignano was one of those who shared in the great expedition to Spain, which ended in the complete defeat of the revolutionary party. It has been a subject of great astonishment for many minds to compare the difficulties which Napoleon encountered in Spain with the easy intervention of the army under the Duc d'Angoulême, which went almost without opposition from the Pyrenees to Cadiz, and ended a bloodless campaign by the storming of the Trocadero. The behavior of the Prince of Carignano at the Trocadero was much remarked. He offered to serve as a volunteer in the French army, and took his place among the grenadiers, who, in honor of his courage, conferred on him the right to wear their red epaulettes. When he was afterwards asked to court in Paris, during his exile, he was always careful to wear his grenadier uniform. He was six feet high; his stature and the simplicity of his soldier's uniform made a great impression upon those who did not know who he was. There is something very poetic and romantic in the career of the man who was the true representative of the future fortune of Italy.

Pasquier was not romantic: he had all the dryness, he had also all the exactitude and good sense, of a clever lawyer. The information he gives us on the political trials and the Bonapartist conspiracies which took place between the years 1820-1824 is valuable. I have no space to bestow on the once famous sergeants of La Rochelle, on Colonel Caron, etc. Bonaparte's memory was not extinct: the last plots were like the smoke which is still emitted by a volcano long after a terrible eruption.

Correspondence.

OLYMPIAN ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Collegiate gymnasiums were established to counteract physical infirmities engendered by the sedentary lives of students. Their exercises were deemed to be conducive, if not necessary, to the highest intellectual culture. But this opinion has proved unwarranted unless where athletics have been practised very moderately—in fact, no more than was needful for health and some slight recreation.

The best gymnasts are rarely the best scholars. Such must be the fact so long as no man can serve two masters or two mistresses. It has always been so. Hercules was not Apollo, and could not walk in his circle. The athlete has his own sphere, but his training is no preparation for excellence in the spheres of other temperaments. The more nearly that training reaches its acme, the more it incapacitates the athlete for attaining to excellence in intellectual achievement. The truth of this assertion is evinced by an undeniable fact, which has not been alluded to in recent discussions, and which should therefore all the more be kept before the people. The fact is this—that no Olympic victor was ever victorious in any department of Greek literature. None became famous as poet of any sort, or philosopher, orator, historian, artist, or even general.

The names of all Olympians during eight centuries now lie before me. They represented three continents and many cities in each. Their training was the best which the wit and experience of many generations could devise. It did its perfect work on men most receptive of its lessons how to make the most of themselves in contending for the most enviable prizes the world has ever bestowed on physical prowess. Who were these Olympian victors? More came from Sparta than from any other State. The Spartans were twenty-three—the Athenians eight. What Spartan has a name to live in Grecian literature? It is more surprising that no one of the twenty-three attained distinction even as a general. The eight Athenians were Pantacles, Stomas, Phryon, Minos, Sosippus, Pythostratus, Aristolochus, and Anticles. No one of these names belongs to an immortal Greek. The only name ever heard of is Minos, and that not as an historical Athenian but as a mythical Cretan. Nothing is known concerning any Athenian or Spartan Olympian beyond the fact that he was a victor.

Such being their record, it seems hardly worth while to inquire about the one hundred and forty-four crowned athletes from obscurer States. Their names strike the classical scholar as having never been before heard of. The only one noticed in Smith's ponderous tomes of Grecian biography, so far as I have searched, is Eubotas. Regarding him nothing is added to the fact of his victory, save that it is doubtful how his name ought to be spelled. There was one Olympian Xenophon. All we know of him is that he was not the Xenophon who glorified the Ten Thousand.

The force of athletics can go no further than among the Olympians. Through all their ages they never produced a Pindar to save their exploits from oblivion. They never brought a single one of their protagonists to intellectual eminence—poetic, philosophic, historic, artistic, political, or military. The road to excellence in all these lines they seem to have hedged up. Walking, then, in the light of Grecian experience, aspirants to anything beyond physical development must read over the gate of the athletic palæstra the dolorous Dantesque legend—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

James D. Butler.

A CASE OF LITERARY METEMPSYCHOSIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Macmillan & Co. have just published a book of delightful fairy tales entitled 'Tales of the Punjab, Told by the People,' by Flora Annie Steel, with illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., and notes by R. C. Temple. The preface states that "many of the tales in this collection appeared either in the *Indian Antiquary*, the *Calcutta Review*, or the *Legends of the Punjab*." There is no hint here or elsewhere that these tales (as was natural enough for Indian stories) have ever enjoyed a previous existence in book form. This is, however, the case, and the 'Tales of the Punjab' are nothing but a reprint, with illustrations, of 'Wide-Awake Stories: A Collection of Tales Told by Little Children, between Sunrise and Sunset, in the Punjab and Kashmir,' by F. A. Steel and R. C. Temple (Bombay Education Society's Press; London: Trübner & Co. 1884).

The preface has been slightly condensed, and the first sentence of "To the little Reader," "Would you like to know why these are called Wide-Awake Stories?" has been changed to "Would you like to know how these stories are told?" The title of the first story is altered from "Sir Bumble" to "Sir Buzz"; but the former name is retained in the "Analysis," which, with change of pagination, is reprinted *verbatim et literatim*. (One curious result of this is that in the "Survey of Incidents," 'Wide-Awake Stories' only are cited, and no mention whatever is made of 'Tales of the Punjab.') A few words have been changed in the "Notes," otherwise the two works are exactly the same, except that the "Index," an

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indispensable adjunct to the valuable notes, has been omitted, probably on account of the labor involved in repagination.

The object of this communication is in no way to criticise the publishers, who may be entirely ignorant of the original work, and to whom we are grateful for the reprint of a useful book; but solely to save folk-lore students and bibliographers some time and money. The former class never find, alas! the "inexhaustible purse" of their heroes, and may be tempted to buy the 'Wide-Awake Stories,' now out of print and commanding a high price. It would also be unfortunate, in view of the large and increasing number of collections of popular tales, to duplicate or confuse references to the 'Wide-Awake Stories' and the 'Tales of the Punjab.' T. F. CRANE.

ITHACA, N. Y., November 28, 1894.

Notes.

ROBERTS BROS. will publish directly 'As a Matter of Course,' by Annie Payson Call, author of 'Power through Repose'; 'The Great God Pan and the Inmost Light,' by Arthur Machen; 'Discords,' by George Egerton; 'Ballads in Prose,' by Nora Hopper; 'The Song-Life of a Sculptor,' by Wm. Ordway Partridge; and 'The Minor Tactics of Chess,' by Franklin K. Young and Edwin C. Howell.

Further announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are: a translation, by Helen Zimmern, of Louis Lewes's 'Women of Shakspere'; 'King Arthur,' a comparative study, by the Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen; 'Three Men of Letters,' viz., Berkeley, Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow, by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler; 'A Buddhist Catechism,' compiled by Subhadra Bhiksu; 'Force and Spirit, or the Scientific Evidence of a Supreme Intelligence,' by Col. H. M. Lazelle, U. S. A.; 'The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the United States,' by the Rev. Isaac A. Cornelison; 'In the Heart of Bitter-Root Mountains,' the story of the Carlin Hunting Party, September-December, 1893; 'Personal Recollections of War Times, 1861-65,' by Albert Gallatin Riddle; and a serial, to be entitled 'Little Journeys,' each number describing a recent visit by Mr. Elbert Hubbard to the homes and haunts of well-known British authors.

Ginn & Co. have in preparation for the Dante Society an Index to the proper names in Dante's prose works and Canzoniere, by Paget Toynbee, and a Dante bibliography for 1873, by Wm. C. Lane.

T. Fisher Unwin has now ready the second volume of the 'Best Plays of Ben Jonson,' and 'The Story of the Expansion of South Africa,' by the Hon. A. Wilmot, a member of the Cape Legislature and a friend of Cecil Rhodes.

The library of the State University of Ghent in Belgium is now engaged in preparing a complete bibliography of Erasmus, and has already issued two large quarto volumes entitled 'Répertoire sommaire et provisoire des œuvres d'Érasme et des écrits qui concernent le célèbre humaniste.' Only eight hundred copies of this work have been printed; they will be sent to learned societies, libraries, and scholars who may be interested in the distinguished humanist of Rotterdam, with the request to add any titles of Erasmiana that may be lacking. By this means the coöperation of the scholars of all nations will be secured and a thoroughly exhaustive bibliography produced. We call the attention of American libraries and universities to this laudable enterprise.

The price we pay in shelf-room for fastidiousness as to paper is well illustrated by the nine-volume edition of Browning's Complete Works just issued by Macmillan. It is from the same plates as the handy and comely seventeen-volume English edition which we have noticed from time to time, and which was capped the other day by 'Asolando,' bound up with biographical and historical notes. A volume is still given to this combination in the new edition, but the nine occupy only two-thirds as much space as the seventeen. The paper is, of course, thinner, but not so much so as to prevent a good impression or to interfere with one's pleasure in reading. Externally the binding is neat, and a gilt edge affords a dust-guard. In a word, the praise due here seems to be for having made one blade of grass grow where two grew before, with a corresponding reduction in price.

Horace Walpole's 'Memoirs of the Reign of George III.' appear in a new edition of four volumes (London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The editor, G. F. Russell Barker, adds many biographical and other notes to those of the earlier editor, Le Marchant. There are sixteen finely executed portraits of leading personages of the time—those of Lord North, Charles James Fox, and John Wilkes being particularly noticeable for their life-like effect. The typography is excellent; the paper is rough linen, with gilt top and untrimmed lower edges; the general finish of the whole is suggestive of the approaching holiday season. To anybody with a taste for the personal element in history, the gossip-loving Horatio, in this new dress, ought to be a very welcome Christmas gift. For American students this spicy narrative of the politics and the intrigues of the men who were responsible for the Stamp Act and the Tea duties, must always possess a lively interest.

D. Appleton & Co. publish an *édition de luxe* of Dumas's 'Three Musketeers,' in two tall volumes, limited to 750 numbered and 25 unnumbered copies, with 250 illustrations by Maurice Leloir. M. Leloir brings to the task of illustrating this delightful romance a vast knowledge of costume and furniture, and a neat style of draughtsmanship. He is not a great illustrator, but he knows his epoch, and his drawings are clever if not very dramatic. It is a pity that for such an edition the publishers have not secured a better translation. It is rather heavy and unidiomatic, and mistranslations are frequent. These three examples, culled at hazard, must suffice: "Un soldat aux gardes" is translated "the soldier on guard" (p. 55). This is venial, but the others are much worse. "M. Athos a la droit de me tuer le premier, ce qui ôte beaucoup de sa valeur à votre créance, monsieur Porthos" —"which must abate your valor in your own estimation" (p. 70). This is almost incredible, but the next is like unto it: "Pendant qu'il faisait des ronds en crachant dans l'eau"—"making his rounds and spitting in the water" (p. 106). Surely a translator should be able to read such simple French as this.

No children's classic of the older variety escapes abbreviation or retelling. Any two boys not of the same family are little likely to have made acquaintance with Æsop or Mother Goose or Bunyan or Gulliver or the 'Arabian Nights' in the same version, and 'Robinson Crusoe' was long ago added to the list of variable stars. The latest accommodation of 'The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner,' is also one of the prettiest (London: Unwin; New York: Macmillan). The story has been "told for 'The Children's Library,'" has been shortened judiciously, and ends with the crossing of the Pyrenees. The page-form is a lesson in typographic taste, and the cover is delightfully stamped with a sort of chintz pattern in blue and white. Cruikshank's illustrations, if not very carefully reproduced, fit the letterpress extremely well. We have never seen a more taking embodiment of this perennial work.

Good taste has presided over T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s convenient edition of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' which is adorned with a number of process prints of the world-famous scenes of the poem.

The fifth volume of the new edition of 'Johnson's Cyclopædia,' running from Kingston to Mozambique, maintains its standard of excellence. Among hundreds of others we specially note the following examples of articles that are just what cyclopædia articles ought to be, informing, suggestive, clarifying, and entertaining: Koran, by Joy; Language, by Whitney; Latin Language (a model for the treatment of a dry subject so as to make it deeply interesting), by Charles E. Bennett; Laplace, by Newcomb; Liquefaction, by E. L. Nichols; Lucian (too brief), by Gildersleeve; Raymund Lully, by A. R. Marsh; Mahabharata, by Lanman; Maimonides, by Richard Gottheil; Mark, by Frédéric Godet; Matches, by W. F. Durfee; Middle Ages, by John W. Burgess. As quite insufficient, we may mention Kite (an instructive and beautiful toy which deserves a full notice), Knot (an entertaining, easy, and useful branch of geometry), Lexicography (which passes without mention such works as Ducange, Facciolati, Gesenius, Brugsch, Lane), Magic (by Charles G. Leland, not referring to Lenormand, nor Chaldean Magic at all, and altogether disappointing), Mars (by Newcomb, whose disgust at some of the nonsense in the sensational newspapers seems to have made him unwilling to give the discussion thousands of readers will look for). The article Logic, regard the subject from the standpoint of what school you will, is wretched, and so are most of the philosophical articles; but there are exceptions, such as Cattell's Memory and Harris's Mind. The accentuation of the title-words is sometimes marked, sometimes not marked, sometimes erroneously marked. Speaking relatively and humanly, the work as a whole is very good.

The 'Encyclopædic Dictionary' now in process of reissue by the Syndicate Publishing Co. of Philadelphia, with a gain of a diminished number of volumes, has attained a second and third volume (Cre–Inf and Inf–Rhe respectively). The work is not entirely devoid of illustrations, but they are few and far between.

Capt. Beach of the Third United States Cavalry, instructor at the Infantry and Cavalry School, has published (Fort Leavenworth) a 'Manual of Military Field Engineering' for practical use by officers and troops of the line, which is a valuable aid in bringing down to date the improvements and modifications recognized in field-work. Besides the usual chapters on field fortifications proper, laying pontoon bridges, etc., he has an excellent summary of methods for building spar and trestle-bridges, building and demolition of railways, telegraph lines, etc. The introduction of the electric telegraph and telephone in field service has made some knowledge of electricity, of insulation, etc., necessary even for the private soldiers who act as "linemen." So the destruction of railways became an art in our civil war, and the implements and expedients

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are here aptly set forth. The volume is a neat one with flexible covers, fit for pocket use, and is clearly and fully illustrated.

The first volume of Lord Rayleigh's 'Theory of Sound' in the revised and enlarged edition (Macmillan) is nearly as bulky as the two volumes of the first edition. Almost every chapter is enriched, and new chapters have been added on the vibration of curved plates or shells and on electrical vibrations. In the first edition much stress was laid upon the establishment of general theorems by means of Lagrange's method, and the author states that he is more than ever impressed with the advantages of this procedure, for a theorem can thus be demonstrated in all its generality with less mathematical apparatus than is required in dealing with particular cases by special methods. It is interesting to note that the analytical methods employed in the investigation of forced or free vibration in acoustics can be employed in the study of electrical vibrations. In the chapter on electrical vibrations Lord Rayleigh has given his very valuable paper on the increased resistance of conductors when submitted to rapidly alternating currents of electricity. He promises that the second volume will treat of aerial vibrations. It will be awaited with great interest: for there is no writer on physical subjects who excels Lord Rayleigh in elegance of treatment and in accuracy. The first volume, both in respect to theory and in reference to practical applications of the mathematical analysis, is easily on a level with Helmholtz's 'Tonempfindungen.'

The subject of Elasticity is one of the most difficult in mathematical physics. The treatises of Todhunter, Pearson, Love, and others are in general too extended and difficult for the beginner. Dr. Benjamin Williamson, in the small volume entitled 'Introduction to the Mathematical Theory of the Stress and Strain of Elastic Solids' (Longmans), has clearly stated the principal differential equations which one is compelled to use. The engineer will find also a short and succinct treatment of the flexure of beams. At the close of certain chapters applications of the mathematical theory to examples are given. These applications will interest the mathematical student and the physicist rather than the engineer. In one example, for instance, our author calculates the amount of the ether stress at the surface of the earth requisite to account for gravitation, and finds that gravitation would require a vertical stress of about 4,000 tons on the square inch, combined with a tension of equal amount in all horizontal directions. The value of this stress given by Clerk Maxwell in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is 37,000 tons per square inch.

Prof. Lujo Brentano's 'Hours and Wages in relation to Production' (London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Scribner's) is devoted to the exposition of the familiar truth that beyond certain limits increased hours of work cause no increase of production. The most valuable matter in the book is to be found in the appendix, which contains Macaulay's speech on the bill limiting the labor of young people in factories to ten hours a day, and an extract from the rare work of Messance referred to by Adam Smith as showing that liberal wages cause increased production. Macaulay's speech reads as if delivered yesterday, and might well be utilized in the discussions of the present time.

From the same publishers we have 'Population and the Social System,' a translation of an Italian work by Francesco S. Nitti; 'Social Peace,' also a translation, from the German of G. von Schulze Gaevernitz; and 'The Tyranny of Socialism,' translated from the French of Yves Guyot. The first of these is a labored discussion of the Malthusian theory by an author who does not understand his subject. The second is a cry of "Peace, peace," as the result of the trade-union movement in England, written before the recent Congress of Unionists and falsified by its declaration of principles. The third is a very spirited attack upon the French socialists by a writer and statesman who has not been intimidated by abuse, and does not attempt to flatter the populace. In the same general line are 'The Factory System and the Factory Acts' (Methuen), by R. W. Cooke-Taylor, an inspector of factories under the British Government, which appears to be a repetition of other works upon the subject by the same author; and 'Questions of the Day' (Macmillan), a volume of meritorious sermons and addresses delivered in St. Martin's Church, Leicester, by its late vicar, Rev. David James Vaughan.

'Sober by Act of Parliament,' by Fred. A. McKenzie (Sonnenschein), is a statement of the legislation that has been devised in many parts of the world for the purpose of regulating or preventing the use of intoxicating drinks. The author gives accounts of the measures adopted in South Carolina, Kansas, Iowa, Pennsylvania, and Maine, which are intended to be fair, but which would be criticised unfavorably by many observers in this country. He gives also the Canadian system, those of New Zealand and Australia, and the experiments made in Switzerland and Sweden in the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits by Government. He concludes with a review of the various measures that have been proposed of late in England for the purpose of diminishing the number of drinking-places. It is convenient to have the results of a survey of this kind stated by an author so free from bias as Mr. McKenzie appears to be, but there is no subject upon which it is more difficult to obtain evidence which the various parties are willing to accept as satisfactory. The prohibitionists frequently represent the condition of affairs prevailing under the system which they favor as quite different from what it appears to be to those who oppose them, and the advocates of license occasionally appeal to figures as to arrests, etc., which are quite irrelevant.

The revival of interest in the writings of Hawthorne, Poe, and other American writers of their period accounts for the 'Selected Prose Writings of Mrs. Emma C. Embury,' of which the edition is limited to five hundred copies, for private circulation only. The poems of Mrs. Embury have been accessible in several editions of greater or less completeness; but her prose writings have been known only to those who have delved in the long series of *Graham's*, *Godey's*, and other magazines of that period. The present collection reprints some twenty essays and stories, taken from Poe's ill-fated *Broadway Journal* and from other like sources. Most of them were published anonymously, and in some cases under masculine noms de plume, by which Tuckerman was taken in. The volume, a duodecimo of 226 pages, is from the De Vinne Press, and therefore is above praise typographically.

The first instalment of F. Bertolini's 'Il Rinascimento e le Signorie Italiane' opens the fourth of a series of sumptuous works on Italian history published by Fratelli Treves of Milan. The previous three have treated respectively of Ancient Rome, the Middle Ages, and the Italian Uprising in this century; the present book will cover the period from the first papal jubilee of 1300 to the fall of the Florentine Republic in 1530, and, when entirely issued, will form a volume in large quarto of upwards of 400 pages, with numerous full-page illustrations by L. Pogliaghi. The price is two lire per instalment, or forty lire for the whole subscription. To judge from the first number of thirty-two pages, Signor Bertolini offers no fresh researches or original conclusions, but presents in compact form and readable style the main facts of his period, linking them together by summaries and generalizations quoted from the classical historians. This somewhat easy-going eclectic method will hardly attract the scholar, but has its advantages for the general reader who must read while he runs. To the latter also Signor Pogliaghi's clever but not remarkable illustrations will justify themselves by their dramatic treatment and local color.

The fifth volume of Heinrich von Treitschke's 'Deutsche Geschichte im neunzehnten Jahrhundert' (Leipzig: Hirzel), the publication of which has been considerably delayed by the author's long-continued affection of the eyes, begins with the accession of Frederick William IV. of Prussia in 1840, and ends with the outbreak of the Revolution in 1848. The lively delineation of the character of this brilliant but erratic and often weak and vacillating monarch, and the sharp criticism of his conduct during the first eight years of his reign, have brought the historian into disfavor at the Berlin court. This exhibition of royal and imperial displeasure may be safely accepted as strong evidence of the essential truth of the narration.

An interesting volume, consisting chiefly of materials derived from the posthumous papers of Dr. Döllinger, is Prof. J. Friedrich's 'Johann Adam Möhler, der Symboliker' (Munich: Beck). Sixty years ago Möhler was generally recognized as one of the most brilliant ornaments of the University of Munich, and held, according to the testimony of Dr. Döllinger, the very foremost rank among the Catholic theologians of his day. Soon after his death in 1838, two volumes of his "Nachgelassene Schriften" were edited by Döllinger, and a biographical sketch was added to the fifth edition of his 'Symbolik' by Reithmayr; also, a volume of 'Erinnerungen an Möhler,' collected in part by his fellow-student Wörner, was published in 1866. The work before us is composed almost entirely of extracts from hitherto unprinted letters, lectures, and other writings of Möhler, and furnishes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of his life and teachings. His ideas and utterances fully justify Prof. Friedrich in assuming that if this great light of the Catholic church had lived till 1870, he would have been excommunicated.

The November monograph of the *Portfolio* is by Lionel Cust, of the department of prints and drawings in the British Museum, and deals with "The Engravings of Albert Dürer." The sketch is clear and compact and written in a popular style, with no technical criticism, for which the reader may turn to the twelve sources enumerated in the preface. There are four admirable heliogravure plates of the Madonna with the Monkey, the Nativity, the Little White Horse, and the portrait of Perkheimer. Besides these, twenty-five illustrations—some full-page—are incorporated in the text. The number is as good an introduction to Dürer as could be desired.

In Poole's 'Index to Periodical Literature' one title is, of course, *Lakes*, and under this

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the sub-title "Great Lakes of North America," with sundry references to magazine articles on their cities and trade, their commerce, defence, early navigation, influence on autumnal seasons, legends; and then, next in alphabetical order, "Letters from them." As to the last title the reference is to *Blackwood*, vol. iv., pp. 396 and 735; but the articles here specified, we find, on turning to *Blackwood*, have nothing to do with any link in the chain of American lakes, but consist altogether of the epistolary effusions of a German tourist on the *English* lakes, rambling to Rydal Mount and visiting Wordsworth.

Prof. Dziatzko of Göttingen, who has occasionally given a course of lectures "über das Buchwesen des Alterthums," has an article in the last (quarterly) number of the *Rheinisches Museum* for 1894, in which he answers negatively the question of the existence of copyright in classical antiquity. The discussion possesses no little incidental interest.

In Carl Parmo Ploug, who died October 27, Denmark lost one of her most graceful poets and most devoted patriots. His long life was consecrated to the service of his country, as poet, politician, and journalist, and it is hard to tell in which of these directions his influence has been greatest. His first collection of poems, consisting almost wholly of short occasional pieces, was published in 1861, and since then many editions of this and of later productions have appeared. While still at the University his interest in social and political questions was aroused, and he took an active part in the debates of the student world. In 1841 he became editor of the daily newspaper the *Fatherland*, in whose columns he began the agitation for constitutional reform which resulted in the granting of the Constitution of 1848. In this latter year he entered the lower house, becoming later one of the Government leaders in the Landsthing, from which he retired in 1890. He was one of the most enthusiastic advocates of Scandinavianism, and its final defeat was, next to the loss of Schleswig, the keenest disappointment of his life.

The many students and teachers of scientific subjects who were disappointed that the weekly journal *Science* never satisfied the need for a critical scientific newspaper, will be glad to know that arrangements have been completed to begin a new series of *Science* on January 1, under wholly different direction and auspices. The paper will hereafter be under the control of a representative editorial committee, and will undertake to report on the progress of science for men of science. The managing committee is constituted as follows: Mathematics, Prof. Simon Newcomb (Johns Hopkins University and Washington); Mechanics, Prof. R. S. Woodward (Columbia College); Astronomy, Prof. Pickering (Harvard); Chemistry, Prof. Remsen (Johns Hopkins); Physiography, Prof. W. M. Davis (Harvard); Palæontology, Prof. O. C. Marsh (Yale); Morphology, Prof. W. K. Brooks (Johns Hopkins); Zoölogy, Dr. C. Hart Merriam (Washington); Botany, Prof. N. L. Britton (Columbia); Hygiene, Dr. J. S. Billings (Washington); Physiology, Dr. H. P. Bowditch (Harvard); Ethnology, Dr. J. W. Powell (Washington); Anthropology, Dr. D. G. Brinton (Pennsylvania); Psychology, Prof. Cattell (Columbia).

Prof. Seth, in some animadversions on our recent notice of his 'Study of Ethical Principles,' objects that we attributed to him in inverted commas the phrases "personality is sacred," "otherwise morality and religion are undermined," which he never used. We cited these typically, as stock phrases, which ought not to be found any longer "in treatises which pretend to either scientific exactness or philosophical competence." They are, we believe, in substance employed by Prof. Seth. We did not mean to be understood as quoting his very words; but we expressed ourselves obscurely.

—Readers of *Scribner's Magazine* for December will find a brief sketch of a young French artist from the hand to which they must now cease to look for sane criticism and safe guidance through the pitfalls of modern taste. The name of the painter who has the sad claim to a place among the last words of Philip Gilbert Hamerton is Émile Friant. He is one of the few of the younger men of his country who "have entirely escaped from the prevalent artistic diseases, and are as whole and sound as if they had lived in a better time." To the most impressive figure in English art belongs the place of honor among this number's prose articles. To know Watts in the length and breadth of his scope is a pleasure not given to many. Two of his works here reproduced illustrate its extremes: one is the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, designed in bronze for the open air; the other is the portrait of a little girl, whose youthful charm Watts, at seventy-six, has rendered as successfully as he has sculptured the magnificent mailed ancestor of the Grosvenors. However well known the portraits of Lord Tennyson, of Walter Crane, and of Swinburne may be, their place is among the masterpieces that cannot be seen too often; the same holds good of such ideal pieces as "Hope" and "Orpheus and Eurydice." Of the theory of Watts's art, Cosmo Monkhouse writes well and convincingly. In poetry Rudyard Kipling shows the cunning of his hand by subduing to rhythm and rhyme the seemingly defiant vocabulary of the engine-room and stokehold. There is primitive grandeur in the old Scotch fleet-engineer of Calvinistic breeding; and there is something very like the true epic ring in that part of his monologue in which he asserts his faith in the Perfect Ship the world is yet to see. It is easy to think that here, in the joy of "Man—the Arrtifex," is to be detected the source of the poetic inspiration of an industrial race, if such inspiration it is ever to have.

—*Harper's*, in festival cover of blue, green, and olive, is led off in jocular vein by Poultney Bigelow, whose agreeable prose, in an account of an "Arabian Day and Night," is well supported by the pencil of his collaborator, Frederic Remington. In similar partnership Mr. Lang supplies the text to Mr. Abbey's "Taming of the Shrew"—disappointing designs, with a certain affectation and forcing of effect in compositions where the feeling of overflowing life and vitality is so essential to success. One serial alone, from a pen that has power to set expectation on tiptoe, links the number to future issues. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Hardy has changed its present title, "The Simpletons," to that of "Hearts' Insurgent," under which the continuation next month must be looked for. Among the short stories and descriptions of places that pass from memory with the reading, Mr. Howells's verse provides a resting-place for reflection, and gives a fillip to serious thought on serious themes. There are eleven of his "Stops of Various Quills," ranging in form from the sonnet to the epigram of four lines, with range of thought as wide.

—To be ever so little original in a Christmas story is a feat that calls for suppleness of imagination. In the *Century's* monologue, "A Christmas Guest," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, the feat has been performed with more than a little dexterity; the expedient resorted to being so simple that one wonders it is not tried oftener. The perennial "loquitur a mother" is made to give way to "loquitur (in dialect) a father." Pathos is by no means eliminated through the change, and humor is immensely heightened thereby. Another tribute to the season, rather than to the reader's supposed powers of logic, must be found in the article "What Has Science to Do with Religion?" Of permanent interest as an historical study is Mr. W. J. Stillman's résumé of the life and character of "the last of the great makers of Italy," the Sicilian-born Crispi. Unwavering republican that Crispi is shown to have been throughout his long patriotic career, his devotion to Italian unity as a cause superior to every other has brought him into line with the conservative Cavourians, though hated alike by them and by the radical followers of Mazzini, and perm ts his being held up as the conspicuous living example of the disinterested statesmanship of which modern Italy has, with a too apparent likeness to republican commonwealths, lost the conception. Mrs. Kinnicut's paper on "The American Woman in Politics" proposes that the evils inherent in universal (male) suffrage shall be remedied by the efforts of the sex that has not the suffrage. Without the stimulus of legal citizenship, women are to do the good to the state the voter leaves undone; their peculiar advantage over men being that, although they may lose time, money, and vital energy by failure, they can gain nothing save the inner reward of the virtuous by success. This is magnanimous, to say the least, even though it seems to savor of the old dispensation of warning the fair sex off the normal plane of human nature—whether into the slave or angel limbo. Of the Christmas illustrations, though they fully deserve it, there is not space to speak.

—Side by side, in the *Atlantic*, with some delightful "Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater," by a practised critic, William Sharp, is a short paper, "The New Criticism of Genius," which heightens interest in the former by setting up a scientific tribunal for its æsthetic doctrines. The connection between all æsthetic productions and the physical organism of the producer is the starting-point of the paper. The neurotic condition of victims of the prevailing *Zeit-Krankeit*, hysterically inclined descendants of weakened parents—"superior degenerates" if they happen to be brilliant workers with pen or pencil—is defined on authority of Lombroso, Nordau, and Maudsley. To follow Nordau's diagnosis of the mental and spiritual "stigmata" of men who are the shining exponents of *fin-de-siècle* æsthetics is an exercise stimulating to critical observation, irrespective of conclusions. The classification that includes Shelley and Rossetti under unhealthy genius will no more command universal agreement than it will "stand a rigorously scientific inspection"; but if, as is claimed, a close study of the psychosis of great men leads, through an understanding of the psycho-physiology of our ordinary selves, to the knowledge whether each one of us "may be contributing to form a psychic atmosphere in which crimes or misdemeanors he abhors can take root and flourish," theory will be justified by practical outcome. An open letter "To an English Friend" tells our cousins they must not be stupid about us any more, and tells them wittily and well. Still, the reitera-

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tion of our collective impressiveness has gone on from time out of mind. And if other people fail to find us impressive, the failure is presumably not their fault. Some of its remote but indisputable sources may even be traced in another article which is devoted to the architecture of school-houses. Sir Edward Strachey supplies the Christmas *pièce-de-résistance*, imparting information about some pleasant Somersetshire observances of the season in a style that departs less than one could wish from lines laid down in 'Sanford and Merton.' Miss Repplier, combative as usual of the stupidity of modern literalness, takes, with her wonted grace and skill, the side of "Ghosts" against their tabulating investigators.

—Some of our readers may remember that when Eugène Piot died, in 1890, he made the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres his sole heir, directing that his estate be sold and the proceeds invested in favor of the Academy, the income to be used under its direction for historical or archæological expeditions, excavations, or publications. With a part of this bequest the Academy has begun, this year, the publication of a series of 'Monuments et Mémoires,' which, if we may judge by the first number, is destined to fill the place occupied, until its untimely end, by the *Gazette Archéologique*, although the present publication is much more sumptuous in character, and will not appear at stated intervals. Part I., which is apparently intended to show the comprehensive scope of the work, contains fourteen plates of the most beautiful kind which even France can produce, illustrating unpublished specimens of various forms of Egyptian, Chaldean, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine art, with accompanying essays by such men as Maspero, Heuzey, Collignon, Babelon, and Schlumberger, to select only a few of the eminent names which compose the list, while the book is edited by Georges Perrot and Robert de Lasteyrie. The beginning is, therefore, most auspicious, though we question whether it would not have been wiser to concentrate this strength upon some one department of ancient art, rather than to extend over the whole realm, as, in a scientific serial, Egyptian and Roman or Chaldean and Byzantine subjects do not appeal to the same class of readers; and it seems to us an insufficient justification that this is done because, "dans sa large curiosité, Eugène Piot embrassait et explorait tout le domaine de l'art." However, the mistake, if it be one, has plenty of precedents among French archæological publications, and does not impair the value of the present work, which, if maintained at the standard at which it has been started, will be an indispensable addition to every archæological library.

—'Spanien in Wort und Bild' (Würzburg: Leo Woerl) is an attractive combination of text and illustrations, to which a chapter on the Baleares has been contributed by the Archduke Luis Salvador. It is doubtful if any other person possesses the same intimate acquaintance with these islands. For more than a quarter of a century his Royal Highness has lived in Mallorca, and his lively affection for his chosen home has led him to visit every town and hamlet in the archipelago, not once only, but repeatedly. Every situation possessing interest or beauty accessible by railroad or carriage, by yacht or by boat, on horseback or on foot, has he visited and noted, and always with an especially alert eye for whatever of natural beauty might be discovered; for his love of nature is a marked trait that has been sharpened and cultivated by extensive travelling in various parts of the world. In the brief space which he has allowed himself in this volume, he has enumerated the chief attractions in the order in which they would be most readily accessible to the chance visitor. Without attempting any descriptions, he has skilfully indicated, by an adjective here and a brief phrase there, some salient characteristics of the points mentioned, and has preserved a concise but readable text, which is complemented by twenty-six engravings, largely after his own drawings. A special interest attaches to the view of Palma anterior to the erection of the new façade of the cathedral and the removal of a portion of the city wall at the sea front, but it should have been dated, as there is nothing either in the text or in the list of plates to warn the observer that it does not give the present aspect of the city from that side. The book contains a folded map of Spain, including the Balearic Islands, on a scale of 1:3,750,000.

—On the 5th of November Germany celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of "Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft." Naturally enough, his native city, Nuremberg, where he, as "Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed," was the centre of the festivities, but they were by no means confined to the "quaint old town." All the chief theatres of the fatherland vied with each other in giving representations of his own *Fastnachtsspiele*, of Wagner's "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," Lortzing's opera of "Hans Sachs," Martin Greif's historical drama bearing the same title, or some other play, in which the protagonist is the "old man gray and dovelike," as described in the elegy of Adam Puschmann, his younger contemporary and most noted apprentice in the kindred arts of cobbling shoes and rhymes. In the Royal Theatre at Munich the stage was transformed into the house of a Nuremberg citizen of the sixteenth century, in the court of which, on a platform of plain boards, were acted eight of Hans Sachs's Shrovetide farces and drolleries, suitably introduced and skilfully woven together into a consecutive piece by the Bavarian poet Hermann Lingg, and thus presenting a vivid picture of the manner in which thrifty burghers and "rude mechanicals" amused themselves at carnival-time in the imperial city on the Pegnitz nearly four centuries ago. Still more interesting and instructive was the "Hans Sachs Ausstellung" in the large hall of the Munich State Library. It was divided into four sections, the first of which contained chronicles, poems, portraits, views, engravings, medallions, and whatever else might illustrate Nuremberg in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and thus throw light upon the life of the poet. The second division comprised the numerous poetical productions of Hans Sachs and the earlier and later collected editions of his works. The third division was the library of Hans Sachs, who in 1562 made a list of all the books in his possession, which was published by Karl Goedeke in the seventh volume of Schnorr's 'Archiv für Litteratur-Geschichte.' The works here exhibited consisted almost entirely of large folios, rare incunabula, and fine specimens of sixteenth-century printing, with elaborate title-pages adorned with woodcuts; the Bible, Luther's works, Bugenhagen's interpretation of the Psalms, the writings of Heinrich Suso, the mystic, and other religious treatises; translations of the Odyssey, Herodotus, Xenophon, Plutarch, Pliny, Seneca, Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' and 'Remedia Amoris,' Æsop's Fables; chronicles, books of travel, *Volksbücher* ('Herzog Ernst,' 'Magelone,' 'Eulenspiegel,' etc.), Brant's 'Narrenschiff,' and other satires, Pauli's 'Schimpff und Ernst,' 'Hortus Sanitatis,' an 'Anatomeybuch,' and a little volume on the color and diseases of horses. This brief summary of the contents of Hans Sachs's library will suffice to show that, for "an unlearned man who knew neither Latin nor Greek," he was pretty well versed in classical literature and quite familiar with the standard writers of his time. The fourth section of the exhibition, "Hans Sachs in the Memory of Posterity," was devoted to the modern literature of the subject, of which the most cursory survey would suffice to show the comparatively recent origin and growth of his fame. When on a public occasion in 1828 the mayor of Nuremberg delivered an address, in which he reviewed the history of the ancient city and recalled the men who had rendered it illustrious, he made no mention of Hans Sachs, whose bronze monument now stands on the Spitalplatz, and in honor of whose nativity Nuremberg and all Germany have just held high festival.

LADY JEUNE ON SOCIETY.

Lesser Questions. By Lady Jeune. London: Remington. 1894. Pp. 291.

THIS book has met with a rather rude reception from the ladies' journals. No fault can be found with its style, which is lively and graceful. Perhaps from one so thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of society more personal and piquant revelations were expected. Perhaps, on the other hand, some of the avowals are too frank and some of the advice is too plain. For the general reader, Lady Jeune has the advantage of combining the best opportunities for social observation which rank and fashion can give with more depth of character and seriousness of thought than in women of rank and fashion are commonly found. She is a practical philanthropist, as well as what Disraeli called, with Oriental magniloquence, a "cynosure of the social empyrean"; and while half her book is given to the drawing-room and the dining-room, the other half is given to the Haven and the hovel. We have had society novels of the 'Dodo' type, and we have had socialist Ezekiels denouncing wealth. We are glad to have criticism, at once serious and sympathetic, of the doings and habits of the rich. It is high time that the rich should be made to think to what bourne they are being led by the mad love of pleasure and ravenous pursuit of the money by which their love of pleasure is to be fed. They are on a volcano, the rumblings of which are already heard, the tremblings already felt, though in the banqueting-room, in the ballroom, or at the gambling-table of the Stock Exchange they seem to be as little regarded as was the approach of Noah's flood. One need not be a socialist to feel the responsibilities and dangers of wealth, the shamefulness of a life of idle luxury, and the shocking inequalities of the human lot, or to understand the desire of levelling those inequalities to which the ostentation of luxurious opulence must give birth in the breast of the poor.

Lady Jeune does not fail to rebuke the prevailing and ever-growing extravagance in dress. Where a woman formerly would have one dress of the best material, she now has a dozen of inferior material, cheaper, yet costing much in the make-up. It is not uncom-

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mon for people to wear four and five gowns in a day. A smart country house, Lady Jeune says, is the best place to see the grievous extent to which this freak of luxury is carried. It used to be no sin to be seen twice during a visit in the same dress; now this would be death to reputation. Gowns must be changed: morning, walking, afternoon, evening—each has its separate apparel; and the tea-gown, the most recent invention, is the most gorgeous of all. The Empress Eugénie gave the impulse; her influence as a gaudy adventuress on society was not less noxious than her influence as a Spanish devotee on national policy. But our own Saratoga may perhaps bear a share of the blame, for the influence of the American millionaire has begun to be felt in the fashions of Europe. The press, reporting dresses, stimulates the mania. Waiting-women, instead of the neat and plain attire suitable to their calling, learn miserably to ape the finery of the mistress. Dread of milliners' bills is a bar to marriage. Worse than this—

"Surely, we must feel infinite pity for the outcast women of the world who sin because they must live, while there can be nothing but a feeling of horror for women who set their virtue so low as to make it the price of dresses which will 'cut out' the toilettes of other women; nor can we have any but a feeling of contempt for the men who, marrying on small means, suddenly find their whole *entourage* changed by the addition of horses and carriages, French cooks, and all the modern luxuries of a fashionable *ménage*, and shut their eyes and regard the transformation with philosophical calmness. In all societies there are men and women low enough to accept such positions; but in England thirty years ago such a thing would have been impossible, and no man or woman occupying it would have dared to appear in Society. 'Autres temps, autres mœurs.' With so many examples of the tolerance of the world and the complaisance of husbands, we cannot wonder that some of the modern developments of Society have created a condition which respectable English opinion considers a reproach and a danger to the country."

Woman is in revolt against the tyranny of her mother, of her husband, of her chaperon; against the tyranny of the conventional rules which excluded her from the professions, from the polls, from the platform, from the Legislature, from the smoking-room, from the cricket-field. Yet she submits as slavishly as ever to the tyranny of Fashion.

"One of the most astounding instances of the tyranny of the goddess Fashion is the stanch way in which a style is adopted, if it becomes established, irrespectively of its merits, artistic or other. Every woman, whatever her size and shape, complexion or age, adopts it. How vividly we recall the figures of middle-aged women, largely developed, fat, with gowns so tight that the whole of their outlines were visible, when it was the fashion to wear gowns tied back behind! Can we forget the discomfort we underwent in the days when we wore bonnets higher than Papal crowns, when sitting up in a close carriage was an impossibility? or the agony many underwent in the early days of high-heeled shoes? or when, perched on one's toes in an attitude at once unbecoming and painful, the effect of which was to destroy the shape of the foot, women not only walked but danced in those instruments of torture with a heroism worthy of a better cause—simply because it was the fashion?"

Lady Jeune looks forward with dread to the revival of crinoline, though she thinks it one degree better than trailing skirts, which acted as a mud-brush on the pavement and a dirt-trap in the house. Crinoline is ancient, dating, as Lady Jeune finds, from the days of Elizabeth. In fact, most of these new fashions are revivals. The puffs which ladies are now wearing on their shoulders are seen in portraits of the time of Henry VIII. In the time of Richard II. dresses were worn of different colors on the two sides of the person. This is about the only historical costume which has not reappeared. But let it be remembered that hoops were less inconvenient in days when the court was not crowded by the flunkeyism of two hemispheres, and that trains were not mud-brushes when held up by a page.

Upon the Revolt of Woman Lady Jeune looks with a kind and sympathizing yet sceptical eye. She thinks, in fact, that Nature did well in making two sexes, and that in the end she will have her own again. This is one of the passages which are likely to have given offence to some female critics:

"Women much overrate the pleasure and delights of the one [political] career, and vastly underrate the solid and permanent happiness of the career which nature intended them to follow—the career from which, struggle as they may, they cannot escape. In the inexorable laws of nature there is ample security that things will right themselves. A few years must show English women that they cannot burn the candle at both ends, and that the life of high pressure they are striving to follow must infallibly break them down. Women will gradually accept the stern fact that, first of all, they must be wives and mothers. Then they can be whatever their strength and leisure will allow. Women can have as much political and social influence as will satisfy the most insatiable ambition; but they must be content to exercise it in their legitimate sphere, and not encroach on ground fitted only for stronger wills and rougher natures. . . . The history of the world ought to console the most restless and ambitious of her sex. She has but to remember that in all the great movements that have influenced mankind some woman has borne more than her share of the responsibility. Emancipate or make herself as masculine as she will, she can never have more power than she already possesses."

The transformation which London society is undergoing is connected by Lady Jeune with the seclusion of the Queen. But the transforming influence, plutocratic rather than democratic, which brings with it a domination of tasteless luxury and display, is in the main not traceable to anybody's act or default; it is the dominant influence of the hour. Owing to various causes, mainly to the decay of their estates, the old aristocracy and gentry of England are passing away, and giving place to the lords of money, the smell of which, in whatever way it may have been made, is now sweet. The lists of guests at Marlborough House and of the people visited by the Prince of Wales show this plainly enough, and it is doubtful whether the Queen herself, were she on her social throne, would be able to contend against the tide. Plutocracy may in course of time become refined and pass out of its present phase, which is that of a Mincing Lane aristocracy decked with the trappings and armorial bearings of Vere de Vere. But the transition is ugly, as transitions are apt to be.

Lighter papers are those on "Dinners and Diners" and on "Conversation." Lady Jeune complains of the number of dishes and the wearisome length of dinner. She would limit the number of dishes to eight. We would limit it to half that number, and the party to ten at the outside. A dinner-party of thirty, at which you can talk only to your next neighbor, is no more a scene of social intercourse or enjoyment than a restaurant where a number of people eat in the same room. The late dinner of the present day is in reality a supper, what is called "luncheon" being the real dinner; and the sooner this great fact is recognized and the evening meal is reduced to the dimensions of a supper, the better it will be for digestion and conversation. The French suppers before the Revolution were evidently very bright. As to the evening crush, or the crush in the afternoon which has usurped the place of the once pleasant Afternoon Tea, it is not society but a social *battue*, a device for "doing" an unwieldy acquaintance at one swoop—a bitter mockery of the name of hospitality. Kept standing for an hour in a heated room, jammed in a crowd, and talking against its buzz to people to whom you do not want to talk, about things for which you do not care, you feel indeed the truth of the saying that life would be pleasant enough if it were not for its pleasures.

Lady Jeune speaks as an expert when she lays down rules for conversation. Plain persons would be cheered by her remark that "an agreeable man, however ugly he may be, is always popular; and if we were to ask a woman whether she would be beautiful or agreeable, she would choose charm." The woman, we suspect, would choose both. Lady Jeune does not fail to appreciate the excellence of the listener as well as that of the talker. Listening is a brilliant gift. Perhaps the art of conversation in its most popular form may be defined as the art of making other people think that they have said good things.

On one little point of social history we must venture to differ from Lady Jeune. She gives a list of the few English *grandes dames* who have tried to imitate the French *salon*. Among them she mentions Lady Ashburton, and says of her, as of the rest, that her *entourage* was very small, that her aristocratic prejudices were too strong to admit any one outside the charmed circle, and that many of the most distinguished men of her time had lived and died unknown to her. The Life of Carlyle shows that there was no such exclusive line; and he was by no means the only commoner who was an habitual guest at The Grange. In fact, aristocrats were in the minority there. The truth is, that Lady Ashburton was too much of a queen to care greatly either for rank or for reputation. What she loved was to gather round her a circle of brilliant talkers and whetstones for her own keen wit. For conversation everything at her court was ordered. Breakfast was at small round tables, and everybody was expected to be there. The Grange, therefore, was a genuine *salon*, probably about the last of its kind. Its lady, however, was no mere French wit or president of a circle of wits. She was a noble woman, and her memory will be cherished as long as any of her circle live, not only as a hostess, but as a friend.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Edwin Booth: Recollections by his Daughter, Edwina Booth Grossmann, and Letters to Her and to his Friends. The Century Co.

Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson, together with Some Account of his Ancestry and of the Jefferson Family of Actors. By William Winter. Macmillan & Co.

Le Théâtre-Français pendant la Révolution, 1789-1799. Par Henri Lumière. Paris: Dentu; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

Le Théâtre d'Hier; Études dramatiques, littéraires et sociales. Par Hippolyte Parigot. Paris: Lecène, Oudin & Cie.; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

It speaks well for the theatre of a country and of a century that it can breed men like Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, who were both sons of actors, almost born on the stage, taking to it in youth and devoting themselves to it in maturity; who were both of them highly gifted by nature and richly trained by

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art, both at the peak and summit of their profession, both simple and kindly gentlemen, courteous, modest, and sincere. Booth was, and Mr. Jefferson is, accepted as the most accomplished American actor of his time—the one in tragedy and the other in comedy; having this, too, in common, that they were men of high character, with a sweet spirituality of nature which does not always—or even often, perhaps—accompany artistic achievement. Mr. Jefferson had already revealed himself to us in his 'Autobiography,' the only book about himself by an English speaking actor worthy of comparison with the incomparable 'Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber.' Now Mr. Booth's only child publishes letters which disclose to us characteristics of his known before to his intimate friends, no doubt, but not suspected by the public at large.

Mrs. Grossmann's volume opens with her own recollections of her father as he appeared to her, set down simply and unpretentiously and with a captivating charm. Then follows a selection from the many letters he wrote to her and to certain of his friends. It is disappointing not to find this larger than it is; but it may be that Booth's correspondence with the late Jervis McEntee, for example, with Mr. Aldrich, and with Mr. Hutton, is reserved for a later volume, along with (let us hope) the notes written for Mr. Furness's Variorum Edition of Shakspere and the two illuminative papers, brief little essays full of insight and appreciation, which Booth wrote upon his father and upon Edmund Kean for Messrs. Matthews and Hutton's series on the 'Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States.' The letters here given have been well selected on the whole. They serve to reveal the playfulness and the humor which were among Booth's most marked characteristics, and also the deep spirituality which was the strong core of his character. In these pages we have shown to us truthfully Edwin Booth the man.

Edwin Booth the actor had been set before us already more than once, last of all by Mr. William Winter; and Mr. Winter has now expanded to equal size with his book about Booth the book about the Jeffersons which he contributed fourteen years ago to Mr. Hutton's "American Actor Series," and which was then reviewed at length in these columns. Mr. Winter has revised the biography and brought it down to date: he has added special chapters on the comedian's performances of *Bob Acres* and of *Dr. Pangloss*; he has worked in also accounts of certain of Mr. Jefferson's contemporaries, *e. g.*, William Warren, E. A. Sothern, John T. Raymond, Laura Keene, Mark Smith, George Holland; and he has included furthermore an essay on "Stage Art," a perusal of which may be recommended to all who wish to understand the distinction between literature and the drama, and who wish to see how it is and why it is that the drama can exist and serve its own purpose with little or no aid from literature. It is to be noted with high approval that Mr. Winter's book not only has a good index, but is also enriched with what ought to be an indispensable adjunct of every histrionic biography—a full list of all the parts the actor has sustained.

Among the institutions of the *ancien régime* in France the French Academy and the Comédie-Française have together survived the Revolution. That the great theatrical organization managed to live through the turmoil of '93 is little more than a lucky accident, for the house was divided against itself, and Talma the republican led a rebellion inside the walls of the Théâtre-Français. This exciting period of theatrical history has been treated more than once already, but by no one so fully as by M. Henri Lumière in the book before us; perhaps M. Lumière is even a little too profuse and minute. His book is enriched by many interesting letters of Talma's, hitherto unpublished; and it helps to make clearer to us one of the most important figures of the French theatre, for Talma shares with Rachel the honor of being at the head of the serious actors of France in this nineteenth century. The book is dedicated to M. Jules Claretie, member of the French Academy and administrator of the Comédie-Française, who kindly contributes a rather perfunctory letter of approval, printed as a preface.

M. Parigot is already known to students of the modern French drama as the author of a biographical sketch of the late Émile Augier. He appears now with a volume of essays which proves him to be one of the best-equipped and most acute of French dramatic critics. It is not quite fair, perhaps, to speak of 'Le Théâtre d'Hier' as though it were a collection of essays, for it is really a book having an obvious unity of purpose. M. Parigot sees that a period of the French drama is about to close, and he considers in turn, contrasting one with the other, the chief dramatists of that period—Augier and Labiche, M. Dumas *fils*, M. Pailleron, MM. Meilhac and Halévy, M. Sardou, and M. Henri Becque. Of these the only one unknown or little known to the American playgoing public is M. Becque, who thinks himself, and is proclaimed by his friends, the leader of a new school of dramatists. Probably he was very disagreeably surprised when M. Parigot classed him as a "back number." What is worse, M. Parigot not only makes this classification, but, in his criticism of M. Becque's work, proves its justice. It is pleasant to see that his tone towards Scribe is not as intolerant as is now customary in Paris. Scribe was one of the great masters of dramaturgy, to be studied devoutly by all who want to understand the art of the stage. His formulas are not final, of course—no formulas are; they were first mastered and then simplified by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, and Ibsen in turn took the formula of the younger Dumas and simplified it still further, while keeping its strength. To the writers here in America who have been telling us the last few weeks how very great a dramatist M. Sardou is, a reading may be recommended of M. Parigot's study of the author of the "Pattes de Mouche," in which full justice is done to his merits, while his demerits are set down also in due proportion.

Modern Scientific Whist. By C. D. P. Hamilton. New York: Brentano's. 1894.

THIS is a volume of 600 pages, the largest and incomparably the most thorough of all treatises on its subject. Our readers need not be informed that the invention in 1883 of the "American leads" has elevated whist to a new position and dignity. A strong light is thrown upon the mathematical (if a little dry) quality of the American mind by the great access of popularity of the game that resulted from those improvements, although they imparted to it a severer character than it had had before. Formerly good players were to be met with in only half a dozen clubs in all the land; now they swarm.

The analysis of the play of the Third Hand occupies no less than eighty of Mr. Hamilton's pages. The illustrative examples are of a very high order of excellence. We will quote one specimen, although it must be without the diagram given in the book, and without the lucid explanation of the principles it involves. But the reader should take the cards and look at this. The players A, C, B, D sit in this order of play. A holds: Spades, K, 9, 8; Hearts, 5; Diamonds, 8. C holds: Spades 4; Hearts, K, X; Clubs (which are *trumps*), X, 6. B holds: Spades, X, 5; Hearts, 9; Clubs, J, 7. D holds: Spades, 7, 3, 2; Diamonds, 5; Clubs, 9. Two rounds of trumps (Clubs) are supposed to have been played; and it has been made apparent that C and B each hold two more, and that B probably has a tenace over C. C is known to have the best Hearts. A knows that D holds the 5 of Diamonds. A has the lead. Here is the play:

1st Trick—Spades K, 4, X, 2.

2d Trick—Diamonds 8; Hearts X; Spades 5; Diamonds 5.

3d Trick—Spades 8; Clubs X, J; Spades 3.

4th Trick—Clubs 7, 9; Hearts 5; Clubs 6.

This is fine whist.

It could not but be that a few of Mr. Hamilton's propositions are open to dispute. He is among those who are least favorable to playing for cross-ruffs. He says it is "cheap whist." So much the better: there is nothing so elegant as economy. He says: "It is *never* right to play a false card." This refers apparently to some standard of right and wrong too lofty to consider winnings. He says further:

> "The vast majority of American whist-players play whist purely for the intellectual pleasure it affords—there is no other incentive. With such players the mere making of tricks is a secondary object, and to either make or lose a trick through deception is equally unsatisfactory. If the right to play false is recognized, there is then no limit to its pernicious and disintegrating practice."

This comes perilously near to silly pedantry. Of course we play for pleasure, and trying to make tricks is secondary to that pleasure; but there would be no pleasure in it if we had to have a schoolmaster put over us to make us play exactly as *he* likes, whether his way be conducive to winning or not. People who are too virtuous to wish to succeed by the aid of a *ruse*, even in a game, are (thank Goodness!) not long for this world. How such people can be so truculent as to wish to conquer their opponents at all puzzles us. It may be remarked that the whole practice of modern whist is a development of the Blue Peter, which was originally a sharper's cheating device. Our national horror for everything like deception and guile is well shown in our childlike game of poker.

As whist is largely an art of expressing one's self, we should expect to find whist-players fastidiously precise in their style of writing. If it be so, it cannot be proved from this book. Too many sentences are arranged like this: "You must always recollect, when planning any finesse, that if your finesse loses, the immediate loss is nearly always modified, provided, of course, that your finesse was justifiable, or turned into a gain in after-play." Or this: "In the last stages of the hand you are sometimes put to discard, holding a winning card of two plain suits, the opponent holding a losing card in one of them, but uncertain which." Or this: "Suppose partner opens the hand with knave of trumps; you have not one; your discard is from your weakest suit, but it may happen that it is injudicious to do so, owing to the unusual character of your hand." Injudicious to suppose partner so opens the hand, or injudicious so to open it?

Notwithstanding the bulk of the volume, we find nothing in it we should be willing to

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spare, except four pages of maxims written in the style of morals to German fables, a style abominable in itself and absurd as applied to whist. On the other hand, there are several omissions we should be glad to have supplied in appendices to a new edition. Firstly, we think the work would hold its ground longer if it contained a discussion from the point of view of a wicked whist-player of the questions of cross-ruffs and false cards. Mr. Hamilton's loathing of deception is so great that we fear we can hardly hope for a quite accurate statement of the case from his pen. Such strong feelings are not favorable to scientific truth. We should also like some instructions how to play with an old-fashioned partner against two modern opponents; and in these, too, we demand a real low, sordid, trick-taking spirit—the moral tone of a man who would not stickle at playing blind-man's buff itself. We should also like chapters on dummy, single and double. Finally, an extensive collection of calculations of chances would be instructive. Hamilton's 'Modern Scientific Whist' must for a long time be the leading treatise, and consequently all whist players must desire that it should be complete.

The Egyptian Book of the Dead: The Most Ancient and the Most Important of the Extant Religious Texts of Ancient Egypt. Edited, with introduction, a complete translation, and various chapters on its History, Symbolism, etc., etc., by Charles H. S. Davis, M.D., Ph.D. With 99 plates, reproduced in facsimile from the Turin Papyrus and the Louvre Papyrus. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894. 4to, pp. 186.

THE 'Book of the Dead,' as the "Egyptian Bible" is known, is a most important work so far as the Egyptian religion is concerned, but, as a whole, it is by no means the "most ancient" of Egyptian religious writings. The texts contained in some of the pyramids are far earlier in authentic form, and the only proof of priority in favor of some of the chapters of the 'Book of the Dead' is contained in the claims which they make specifically in their own behalf. As an organic whole, with comparatively uniform contents and a generally recognized sequence of chapters, the book is not very ancient as Egyptian history is counted, being as recent as the Saite dynasty, say 650 B. C. Certain sections are undeniably very ancient, but most are of quite uncertain date. Of the method of growth we are distressingly ignorant, and for the most part hints as to which sections are oldest come incidentally from the comments and glosses of later writers. In the collection as it appears at various times and even in what may be called its codified form in the twenty-sixth dynasty, there is an utter lack of any logical or chronological succession or progression in the chapters. A classification based upon the present sequence of the sections is palpably absurd, as even an examination of Dr. Davis's pages shows. Champollion tried it long ago with no better success. Early copies varied as to contents as well as order, and, though supposed to be of great sanctity, the text was exposed to corruption at the hands of ignorant scribes and careless copyists, as well as at those of fantastic commentators. The result is a jumble of variant readings which have deterred all but the boldest from attempting a translation. Egyptian textual criticism is in its veriest infancy, and the colossal work of Naville, under the auspices of the Berlin Academy, has only laid the foundation for work in this line. The translation by Renouf, now appearing in the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology, will be undoubtedly the best since that of Sharpe in Bunsen's fifth volume, but that it will be entirely satisfactory is beyond the bounds of expectation. The work of the translator is beset not only by textual difficulties, but by those incident to a multitude of mythological references to which there are only a few scattered clues. The single words may be plain enough, but the sense is exceedingly obscure.

To the solution of any of these difficulties, textual or mythological, the present work, which is to all intents and purposes itself a compilation, offers no new aids. In fact, the author does not seem aware of the extent of the mythological difficulties, for he scarcely mentions them and does not explain their nature and compass. Nevertheless, to those persons who desire to get light on the principal figures of the Egyptian pantheon and upon some of the best known features—perhaps the commonplaces—of the Egyptian religion, this book will be welcome. Dr. Davis has read extensively, to judge by his footnotes and references, and has succeeded in getting together a large amount of matter which is generally accurate and more or less pertinent to the subject. We have failed, however, to find evidences of very rigid criticism upon *his* sources, and of course none upon the original sources of all authentic information in this field.

The translation of the 'Book of the Dead' contained in the present volume is a literal rendering of Pierret's French version. From it, however, Dr. Davis has omitted Pierret's annotations, and in so doing he has not particularly helped matters. There is the less reason for this omission because there was sufficient opportunity to incorporate this matter in footnotes without cumbering the pages unduly. In passing, it may be remarked that even the uninitiated can note the uncertain state of the original text as it is reflected in the divergence between this version and that of Renouf; they appear to differ more than they agree. Of course a part of this divergence is due to the translators, but the differences of the text are responsible for the more striking variations. There are also two facsimile hieratic and hieroglyphic texts added in the ninety-nine pages of plates. One was taken originally by De Rougé from a Louvre papyrus, and the other is a reproduction of the plates in Lepsius's 'Todtenbuch.' The former is so much reduced in size as to be useless except so far as the vignettes are concerned, and the latter, while perfectly legible, suffers from a difficulty incident to photographic methods of reproduction. Those familiar with Egyptian papyri know that it was customary to indicate in red all chapter-headings and the beginnings of sections which correspond in general to our paragraphs. These are of great assistance in the reading, though of course not essential. In order to photograph the pages of Lepsius's work with good result, Dr. Davis has simply inked the red characters in black, and so reproduced the whole in solid color. Otherwise the text is true to the original. It is a pity, however, that some means, such as underscoring, had not been devised to atone for what is a distinct blemish. Even the fainter color which the photograph of the red portions would have shown would have been better than a total obscuration of all distinctions.

The book is necessarily large and cumbersome, but the printer's work has been well done.

Dictionnaire de la Céramique: Faïences, Grès, Poteries. Par Édouard Garnier, Conservateur du Musée et des Collections à la Manufacture Nationale de Sèvres. [Bibliothèque Internationale de *l'Art:* Guide du Collectionneur.] Paris: Librairie de *l'Art.* Pp. lxiii, 260; 20 plates in color of decorative details and 150 marks printed with the text.

THE newest books are the best in all these matters of investigation and comparison, provided always that the new books are not mere compilations from the writings of others. Books only ten or twelve years old may mislead one, because not containing the result of the latest discoveries, as badly in ceramics as in Greek archæology. What becomes of you as an authority if you talk nowadays of the *faïence d'Oiron?* It is nearly as bad as if you called it the *faïence Henri II.;* and yet it seems only yesterday that M. Benjamin Fillon set forth his proofs of the existence of the private pottery at Oiron or Oyron in the Department of Deux Sèvres. Now we know, since Mr. Bonnaffé published the results of his researches, and especially since the exhaustive essay contained in the huge catalogue of the Spitzer collection, that that ware was made at the village of St.-Porchaire in the Charente-Inférieure. It is a pleasure to see that M. Garnier is quite clear as to the correctness of Fillon's discovery that there was a sixteenth-century *fabrique* at Oiron. It is only as to the famous fifty-three pieces that he was wrong.

This book is new, and, but for the vexatious custom of omitting the figures, would be dated 1893. It consists of a dictionary of names of wares, geographical and other, and names of potters when those serve as names of wares; and associated with these are a few technical terms of assumed primary importance. The introduction is an excellent encyclopædic account of processes and of the general history of the industry and of the art. The whole is limited, however, to the earthenwares of Europe, excluding porcelains and Oriental wares of all sorts and also the productions of the nineteenth century. It is excellent for reference as to Palissy and Wedgwood, Rouen and Urbino, as to the stonewares of Nuremberg and Cologne, and as to English *faïence fine.* Perhaps its greatest service to Americans will be in the excellent account of the French decorative enamelled pottery of the eighteenth century, Rouen, Nevers, Moustiers, Lille, Marseilles, Montpellier, and their congeners; but the Italian majolicas are well handled also, and the description of English wares is more technically accurate and more truly descriptive than that in any of the popular handbooks which are generally in use. The colored illustrations are confined to full-sized bouquets and borders, the author rightly concluding that these may be useful for identification, whereas small-scale pictures of whole pieces are mere ornaments to a book.

Blunders are to be noted, often caused by that curious indifference to proof-reading which is common to French and German books, and which goes to make them as cheap as they are, no doubt. Some of the blunders are not the printer's fault, however. Of "Barbmans," we are told that "they call so in Germany the brown stonewares which bear on the front of the neck a mask with a long beard"; and this word *barbmans* is used in the same sense in two other places. No doubt *Bartmann*, plural *Bartmänner*, is the word meant, as this is still the German name for what is called in English a *Bellarmine* or *Graybeard.* In most instances, however, M. Garnier gets his most

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complicated foreign names right, and he has given us a useful book.

Architect, Owner, and Builder before the Law. By T. M. Clark, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

THE modern relation of architect and client is a new one, and practically almost undefined by the law. The architect's profession is itself virtually new, so much have his functions and responsibilities increased within a generation or two, *at least in the United States*; and the public, represented by the average client, does not know where to place him, between the confidential servant and the purely professional adviser, or what duties and rights to assign him. Statute, which has been busy in behalf of the workman, has done nothing for or against the architect, or next to nothing, and the law of his profession is left to crystallize out of such usage as grows up in his daily business, checked by such principles and maxims of law as are found by the courts to be applicable to his new relations. The public is slow, and the courts slower still, to recognize a usage which arises for the most part without public observation, and to which the architects themselves are of necessity the chief witnesses. The average client employs an architect only once or twice in his life; therefore, their relation is always new to him; the courts shrink from the difficulty, perhaps from the risk, of declaring law which is to them obscure or inchoate; and the judges, if a litigated case can be made to turn on some minor and easily established point, too often evade the important question that is presented, and dismiss the case on some technical issue, which leaves nothing established for future cases. The general knowledge and legal recognition of what determines the law of architectural practice, then, lag far behind the working usage by which the practice is regulated, and it is not strange that the architect's way is beset with disputes.

In view of such disputes it is important that the scattered decisions of the courts, which already include a great number of cases touching the architect's professional relations, should be got together and the decisions collated. This valuable service Mr. Clark has undertaken; and, though he is not a lawyer but an architect, he has performed it with much research, acuteness, and clearness of statement. He has examined and cited several hundreds of cases, involving a great variety of points in the threefold relations of architect and owner, architect and builder, and builder and owner, and has made a valuable collection of material that till now was scattered through two or three hundred divided reports, analyzing it with more skill than is common in such manuals. It was not to be expected that a layman should have so wide a view of the principles involved in these cases as a lawyer, or see so broadly the bearings of the decisions of the courts. The book will not be a substitute for legal consultation in legal disputes, and this was probably not its purpose; but it should be of much value in informing architects, clients, and builders of their reciprocal rights and obligations, and in foreshadowing the result of litigation in many cases. For this important use there is nothing to take its place. It is surprising that any layman should have had courage to undertake so difficult and so technical a piece of legal work; it is more surprising that he should have succeeded so well as Mr. Clark has succeeded.

John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"). By Edwin Hodder. With portrait and illustrations. London: Hodder Brothers. 1894. 8vo, pp. xiv, 458.

JOHN MACGREGOR, the famous "Rob Roy" canoeist, has been unfortunate in his biographer. A rarely interesting, many-sided man, with an exuberant humor which found vent in *Punch*, intense religious convictions making him a street preacher and a writer for the *Record*, a crack shot, good mountaineer, expert boatman, a popular lecturer, an authority in some departments of law and science, a man who did heartily and well everything that he undertook—one can hardly imagine a better subject for an attractive and suggestive biography. But Mr. Hodder has pitchforked, as it were, a great quantity of material together, much of it good, some utterly trivial or out of place; and the result is a bulky volume which in parts is almost unreadable. We say this, not from any lack of sympathy with Mr. MacGregor's religious opinions or the causes to which he gave his life, but with simple regret that such an opportunity for a stimulating book should have been lost.

"Rob Roy" was the son of an army officer, and, when an infant five weeks old, was rescued, with his parents, from the *Kent* East Indiaman, which was burned in the Bay of Biscay in 1825. He graduated from Cambridge with honors, and became a barrister, living in chambers until his marriage in 1873. The law, however, received little of his attention, as he gave himself almost exclusively to philanthropic and religious work. At one time he enumerates in his diary more than fifteen causes which demanded his "best attention." He threw himself enthusiastically into the Volunteer movement, and gave that up to indulge his passion for canoeing. On his return from his memorable trip to the East, he devoted himself to lecturing, and made £10,000, which he gave away in charity. His last public work was in connection with the London School Board, of which he was an original member. In addition to all this, he was a constant contributor to religious periodicals and the daily press, and, in addition to the accounts of his canoe voyages, wrote several scientific treatises and law-books. These multifarious occupations naturally brought him into contact with the most famous Englishmen of his day. He records a characteristically long list of subjects on which he conversed with Mr. Gladstone. Dickens sought his acquaintance, and was introduced by him to a "splendid specimen of the London Street Arab," who eventually became one of the novelist's characters. He meets "a Mr. Stanley," the special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and gives him a letter to Dr. Livingstone, whose first book he helped to illustrate. Tennyson altered one of his poems at his suggestion. Huxley and Tyndall were his firm friends. The last years of a life of most exuberant health and spirits were clouded by sickness. MacGregor died on the 16th of July, 1891.

The book is an excellent specimen of typography, and is illustrated with a fine etched portrait and numerous reproductions of Mr. MacGregor's sketches. Some of these are chosen with as little discretion as many of the extracts from his diary.

Among the Tibetans. By Isabella Bird Bishop. With illustrations by Edward Wymper. F. H. Revell Co. 8vo, pp. 159.

THIS is an entertaining account of a journey to Ladakh or Lesser Tibet, a Himalayan State tributary to Kashmir. Though it has been apparently too hastily put together to add much to Mrs. Bishop's reputation as a writer, it shows her at her best as an absolutely fearless traveller. Few men would dare to face the perils and hardships of the mountain-passes, where the narrow path is hung at times on scaffolds over frightful abysses; of the fierce winds, the *ladug* or pass-poison, the blistering heat by day, the freezing cold by night, and, more dangerous still, the fords through the ice-cold mountain torrents. Fatal accidents in these are very common, and Mrs. Bishop was severely injured, barely escaping with her life, in crossing the Shayok. The mere incidents of the journey, however, receive comparatively little attention, and the greater part of the book is taken up with an account of the country and its inhabitants. Considerable space is naturally given to a description of their religious customs, their monasteries, temples, and prayer-wheels. The domestic life of the Tibetans, "the simplest and kindliest people on earth," is less fully treated. Mrs. Bishop pronounces the prevailing system of polyandry, which has been adopted partly on economic grounds to restrain the increase of population, "the most formidable obstacle in the way of the reception of Christianity by the Tibetans." The chief opposition to giving it up proceeds from the women, who dread becoming widows. "A woman said to me, 'If I had only one husband, and he died, I should be a widow; if I have two or three, I am never a widow!' The word 'widow' is with them a term of reproach, and is applied abusively to animals and men." A high tribute is paid to the Moravian missionaries in Ladakh who, in the course of forty years' faithful service, have won the confidence and affection of the people in a remarkable degree. Yet, judged merely from the number of converts made, their work must be regarded as unsuccessful. If the abbot of one of the monasteries is to be believed, it has tended even to the resurrection of Buddhism in some places. "When you came here," he said, "people were quite indifferent about their religion; but since it has been attacked they have become zealous, and now they *know*."

Mrs. Bishop describes very graphically her travelling companions, among the most interesting of whom were her horse Gyalpo, and her escort, an Afghan swashbuckler. She gives the following recipe for making tea in Tibet: "For six persons. Boil a teacupful of tea in three pints of water for ten minutes with a heaped dessert-spoonful of soda. Put the infusion into the churn with one pound of butter and a small tablespoonful of salt. Churn until as thick as cream." The older the butter, the more enhanced is its value. "I saw skins of it forty, fifty, and even sixty years old, which were very highly prized, and would only be opened at some special family festival or funeral." The illustrations, though poorly executed, are many of them interesting as showing the remarkable architecture of the temples and dwellings of this singular people.

German Society at the Close of the Middle Ages. By E. Belfort Bax. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 1894.

MR. ERNEST BELFORT BAX is well known as a ready writer upon socialistic matters. He knows many things and he hesitates at nothing. He will reconstruct you the whole course of human history from the point of view of how it would have been if it had been written by a

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socialist, or he will make you over the present world as it would be if such little obstacles as monogamy were once happily out of the way.

Naturally, when such a man comes down to the plain trade of writing history himself, he does so freed from many limitations which cramp the less unfettered spirits of ordinary historians. His subject this time is a most attractive one. German society in the early Reformation period is a complex organism, full of violent contradictions, moved by no simple impulses, not to be brought under any handy rubrics of the schools. To write about it intelligently would require a profound acquaintance with very many phases of human activity and a very special knowledge of an extremely troublesome material. A less light-hearted person would shrink from the task. Not so Mr. Bax. He gathers together a quantity of anecdotes, sets them neatly under eight well-chosen headings, and strings them upon a very slender thread of comment. There is a flippancy of tone, a kind of cocksureness in opinions, and a contemptuous way of referring to all "bigots," which reminds one of the saying that "the toleration of intolerance is the most difficult attitude for a bigoted radical." Mr. Bax has made good use of the genial Janssen, and has adopted not a little of his attractive way of "letting the facts tell the story." The only questions are, "What facts?" and "What story shall they be made to tell?"

This method may be used, as it was by Janssen, with great effect when the scale is large enough to make the facts collected bear heavily towards some one point of controversy. In the present case there is not room enough for the method to work. Each chapter leaves the impression of having been built up about some separate incident which occupies the greater part of it, but which does not bear on any well-defined result. The whole effect is scrappy and unsatisfying, and one closes the volume in wonder why either author or publisher should have thought it worth while to spend such elegance of paper, type, and margin upon such very meagre contents.

The Vermont Settlers and the New York Speculators. By R. C. Benton. Minneapolis: *Housekeeper* Press. 1894.

Agricultural settlements in Vermont date from 1761. Within four years thereafter at least five hundred families were there, planted in more than a score of scattered hamlets or isolated log houses. Each settler had started a farm, cleared land with an average of twenty days' labor on each acre, and built him a dwelling. The largest clearing amounted to one hundred and twenty acres. At this point there were also a barn, sawmill, and potashery. Crops and cattle, grist-mills, schools, church and minister were not unknown. Four years of intelligent effort had already made the wilderness blossom.

These settlers held their lands by grants from the Governor of New Hampshire, bearing the King's seal, and his declaration that they "shall be good and effectual in law against us, our heirs and successors." They had paid the Governor for their grants. But in 1765 there came a proclamation from New York authorities that the King through his council had declared "Connecticut River to be the boundary between New York and New Hampshire." The farmers, though New Englanders at heart, were not at first disquieted. They understood the King's words to be prospective, not retrospective—that is, meaning "to be *henceforth*," and not to have always been. That such was their real significance, that the King's words were legislative and not judicial, Mr. Benton has conclusively shown at great length. Some of the settlers had come from townships granted by Massachusetts, but which in 1744 had been adjudged to be the territory of New Hampshire. Those grants had not become invalid by the change of jurisdiction. Accordingly it did not seem to the settlers possible that their rights of property could be impaired by the political transfer.

On the other hand, the Governor of New York proclaimed New Hampshire titles worthless, demanded ten times or more what they had originally cost for new ones, declared all improvements of four laborious years forfeited, and undertook to evict every dweller in the infant State. Thus began a conflict which for a quarter of a century was irrepressible. Speculators bought New York grants of those farms that were most improved, sure of enormous profit in cases of ejectment. Both parties appealed to England, and neither came back satisfied. Decisions there favored the Green Mountain Boys, but the English mandates were disregarded by Tories who ruled in New York and knew that, thanks to their political loyalty, infractions of law would be winked at. New Hampshire, which had no hope of further gain from her grantees, left them to fight their own battles. They fought them well. Equity was so clearly on their side that the public opinion even of New York was also there—outside of speculators and their underlings, "constrained things whose hearts were absent." Hence it came to pass that the Empire State did not crush her pigmy antagonist. No matter though her posse comitatus was a regiment, it always turned back from the frontier discomfited. The violence of New York at last forced the Hampshire Grants men to declare their independence, and to maintain it till they were welcomed into the bosom of the Union as a State. The success of Vermont while contending against desperate odds has cheered more than one forlorn hope, while pioneering a minority of right against might, who would have folded their arms in despair but for Vermont convictions that "one plus God makes a majority."

The case of Vermont in its legal aspects has never been better pleaded than by Mr. Benton, who has a filial joy in so doing. Whoever shall contend with him will meet a foeman worthy of his steel. Like many other sons of the Green Mountains, though wandering far away, he "drags at each remove a lengthening chain." He is proud to proclaim (p. 169) that Vermont, in 1785, was the first State to pass a betterment act, giving in case of eviction to the man dispossessed pay for his improvements—an act copied in every new State that has since grown up, and which England, after more than a hundred years, has not yet quite learned to formulate. The betterment act—the name as well as the thing—was born after years of gestation. In one act the word was defined as "the value of what an estate is made *better* by improvements." Dr. Murray, aiming in the 'New Dictionary' to show the earliest use of words, found no citation for betterment earlier than 1809. Here is one twenty-four years before, which he will gladly read (Records of Vermont Governor and Council, vol. iii., p. 351, 1785). If a possessor is evicted, the jury is to award him "the just value of buildings and other *betterments* made by him." Mr. Benton, while claiming that betterment legislation originated in Vermont, does not mention that the word in its legal sense as well as the thing was a Green Mountain creation. This fact needs to be reaffirmed because it has been recently denied by those who should not be ill-informed. We read in *Notes and Queries* of Aug. 25 (8s. vi., p. 144): "An American General and M. C., Gen. Vielé, appeared before a committee of the House of Lords, and testified that 'betterment' was not an American word, but that 'benefit' was the word there used. 'We were all under the impression that the word was of transatlantic origin,' remarked the Marquis of Salisbury. 'Then you were all wrong,' answered the general; 'the word is not to be found in the English language current in America,'" etc. The plain tale of truth is this: The Vermont act of June, 1785, was to secure to dispossessed landholders (squatters) "an opportunity of recovering their betterments." The sense in which the word is here used was suggested by a phrase in the provisional act of 1781, which, aiming at the same result, spoke of ascertainlng "how much an estate had been *made better* by a possessor's having settled thereon" (Slade, Vt. State Papers, pp. 442, 499). This derivation seems more probable than that betterments was translated from *meliorationes* in the civil law, which was unknown to the woodsmen. Mr. Benton incidentally remarks that the word is now current in Vermont use. To the same purpose Chief Justice Lyon, who not one year ago retired from the Supreme bench in Wisconsin, speaks of a party seeking the benefit of a certain act "commonly designated the Betterment law" (Wis. Reports, vol. lxix., p. 656). It has appeared needful to adduce these American authorities because, while Dr. Murray credits the above usage of betterment to the United States, his citations are altogether from British authors, and those also very far from the earliest American specimens.

The Sphere of the State; or, The People as a Body Politic. With special consideration of certain present problems. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, A.M. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

Mr. Hoffman's little treatise consists chiefly of lectures delivered to the senior class of Union College, and is not designed for "advanced students in political science," but for "the average intelligent beginner." It is half abstract speculation and half practical examination of current questions, such as those relating to the government of cities, the treatment of criminals, and the relation of the Church to the State. With most of the conclusions reached by Mr. Hoffman the reader will be likely to find himself in accord; for the speculative part of it so much cannot be said. We ourselves, at least, have experienced a difficulty in following Mr. Hoffman, partly because he is apt to ignore the first condition of all speculative inquiry—clearness in the use of terms—and, as a consequence of this, because he insists upon affixing to terms in ordinary use novel significations of his own. No term employed in treatises of this character has been more thoroughly discussed, for instance, than "law." We may not be satisfied with any definition ever given of it, but it was certainly left to Mr. Hoffman to discover a "very important difference, but one too often overlooked," "between a law and a statute"—that "a law is a requirement of the State, while a statute is a decree of the Government." The former "can never be wrong." The latter is "not often unmixed with error." If Mr. Hoffman is right, the distinction is indeed impor-

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tant, for "a man ought never to disobey a law, but *he may often be called upon* to disobey a statute." We all know what a statute is, but it seems rather unfair to the "average intelligent beginner" to tell him that he is living in the midst of "laws" which are requirements of "the State," but not of "the Government," and which are of a higher authority than statutes, without at least giving an example of what is meant. It is not constitutional law that is referred to, for that the author classes immediately afterwards with statutory law as a governmental product; but whether what he has in mind is the law of Nature, or Divine law, or how he thinks "the State" produces it, or where it is recorded or preserved, we cannot make out.

Doctrinaires like Mr. Hoffman all seem to conceive of two different states—the ordinary one in which we all live and move and have our being; and another (described almost rhapsodically on p. 34 as "the true state" and "the grandest of all earthly institutions") which bears about the same relation to any actual state that heaven does. But the very first thing that the "average intelligent beginner" should be taught is that there are not two states, any more than there are half a dozen; what he should fix his mind upon is man and his social and governmental systems as they actually exist, and not as Plato or Cicero or even he himself would like to have them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, E. B. History of the United States. 2 vols. Scribners. $4.
Anthony, Prof. G. C. Elements of Mechanical Drawing. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.50.
Bell, R. A. The Sleeping Beauty, and Dick Whittington and his Cat. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Bibliographica. Part III. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Björnson, Björnstjerne. Synnövé Solbakken. New ed. Macmillan. $1 25.
Bonavia, Dr. E. The Flora of the Assyrian Monuments and its Outcomes. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Border Ballads. Illustrated. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7.
Brassington, W. S. A History of the Art of Bookbinding, with some account of the Books of the Ancients. Macmillan. $6.
Bouvet, Marguerite. My Lady; A Story of Long Ago. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Parson's Miracle, and My Grandmother's Grandmother's Christmas Candle. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 50 cents.
Cable, G. W. John March, Southerner. Scribners. $1.50.
Castlemon, Harry. Sailor Jack the Trader. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Clarke, Rev. H. W. A History of Tithes. 2d ed. London; Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $1.
Cook, T. A. Notes on Tobogganing at St. Moritz. Scribners. $1.50.
Cornish, C. J. Wild Animals in Captivity. Illustrated. Macmillan. $3.50.
Crockett, S. R. The Play-Actress. Putnams. $1.
Dahlgren, Mrs. M. V. The Social-Official Etiquette of the United States. 6th ed. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. $1.
Freytag, Gustav. Technique of the Drama. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. $1.50.
Friendship, Love and Kisses. 3 vols. Raphael Tuck & Sons.
Ford, J. L. The Literary Shop, and Other Tales. G. H. Richmond & Co.
Giberne, Agnes. Radiant Suns. Macmillan. $1.75.
Grosart, A. B. Green Pastures: Being Choice Extracts from the Works of Robert Greene. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Grosart, A. B. The Love-Verse from the Minor Poems of Edmund Spenser. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Harraden, Beatrice. Things will Take a Turn: A Story for Children. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.
Harris, J. C. Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
James, Henry. Washington Square. Harpers. 50 cents.
Jarvis, Stinson. She Lived in New York. *Judge* Publishing Co.
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